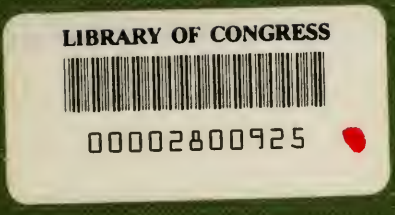
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RHYMES AND JINGLES



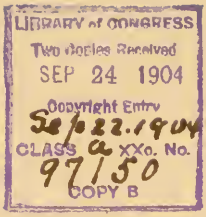







RHYMES
AND
JINGLES
by
Mary Mapes Dodge
ILLUSTRATED
BY
Sarah S. Stilwell
Charles Scribner's
Sons
new york
1904

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TO

KARL AND JO

Author's Note

Though most of the verses in this little volume may be familiar to readers of former editions of "Rhymes and Jingles," there are now included a number of pieces which have not before appeared in print, and, thanks to the liberality of the publishers, the rather outworn pictures of earlier editions are here replaced by artistic illustrations and decorative designs—the work of the well-known artist, Miss Sarah S. Stilwell.

While hoping that young folk of all ages would welcome a new edition of the book for its own sake—the author wishes to make due acknowledgment, alike to publishers and illus-

trator, for the beauty, freshness and variety of the decorative setting given to this latest issue of "Rhymes and Jingles."

September 1, 1904.



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Rhymes
and
Jingles



UP, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Sunny road and shady.
I'm the papa,
You're the ma'ma,
You're the pretty lady!

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
See how fast we're going!
Feel the jar
Of the car?
Feel the wind a-blowing?

GOING TO LONDON

Up, down! Up, down!
All the way to London town—
Here we are this minute!
Rock-a-chair
Anywhere,
When we two are in it.



Looking Back

By "Deacon Green."

IF I were a boy again,—ah, me!—
How very, very good I'd be!
I would not sulk, I would not cry,
I'd scorn to coax for cake or pie.
I would not cause Mamma distress,
I'd never hate to wash and dress.
I'd rather learn a task than play,
And ne'er from school I'd run away.
I'd any time my jack-knife lend,
And share my toys with every friend.
I'd gladly go to bed at six,
And never be "as cross as sticks."
I'd run with joy to take a pill,
And mustard wear whenever ill.
I'd never wish to skate or swim,
But wisely think of dangers grim.
And, oh, I'd never, just for fun,
Beg to go hunting with a gun!

At every naughty thing I did—
For mischief might be somewhere hid—
I'd drop at once upon my knees,
And say, "Dear Teacher, flog me, please."

It's easy to be good, you see,
When looking back from sixty-three.



FAIR PLAY

ONE twilight hour,—well, long ago,
Some Katydids—
Yes, Katydids—
Assembled in the linden row,
'Mid buzzing things of many kinds,
To ease their puzzled little minds,
Just Katydids?
Yes, Katydids.

Then one most gravely raised his head,
And to his nimble comrades said:
"Now, brothers, in this peaceful spot,
We'll see if Katy did or not.
Let us take up the ease with zest,
Decide the point, then let it rest.
No frank opinion need be hid;
And, as for me, I think she did."

Convincing argument ensued,
Though none would willingly be rude.
Each an opinion firm expressed,
In strong yet simple language dressed:

"Katy did!"
"Katy didn't!"
"Katy did!"
"Katy didn't!"

We threw our summer casement wide;
Nothing we saw (how well they hide!)
But softly through the listening night
Still came those arguments polite:

"Katy did!"
"Katy didn't!"
"Katy did!"
"Katy didn't!"

We felt through all the tumult fine
That sounding order: "Comrades mine
Let each be heard. Speak freely, friends!
Debate, when honest, never ends.
No frank opinion need be hid;
And, as for me, I think she did."

Soft sighed the breeze, and starlight grew;
Our lighted casement blinked, we knew;
And still we smiled, and let it in—
That softly shrill, persistent din;
That undertone: "Speak freely, friends!
Debate, when honest, never ends."

Ah! was it so?
Not girls? O-h! Oh!
Not boys? Well, no!
But Katydids—
Just Katydids!



FIRE in the window! flashes in the pane!
Fire on the roof-top! blazing weather-vane!
Turn about, weather-vane! put the fire out!
The sun's going down, sir, I haven't a doubt.

Bye Baby Night is Come



BYE, baby, day is over,
Bees are drowsing in the clover,
Bye baby, bye!
Now the sun to bed is gliding,
All the pretty flowers are hiding;
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, birds are sleeping;
One by one the stars are peeping;
Bye, baby, bye!
In the far-off sky they twinkle—
While the cows come "tinkle, tinkle;"
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, mother holds thee;
Loving, tender care enfolds thee;
Bye, baby, bye!
Angels in thy dreams caress thee!
Through the darkness guard and bless thee!
Bye, baby, bye!


Bye Baby



OH, no!
'Tis n't so!
Papa's watch
Won't go?

It *must* go—
Guess I know!
Last night
I wound it tight,
And greased it nice
With camphor-ice.

Let's Play

LAST summer, on a cloudy day
I heard two youngsters plan their play:

WILLIE:

"Let's play that you're a lion,
And I'm a little chap
You, fierce and strong, a-watching,
I, going to take a nap.
And when I've shut my eyes, Ben,
You'll steal close up to me——"

BEN:

'And as to what will happen next
Why just you wait and see!"

This settled, Ben stole, crouching,
Into a "thicket deep,"
Ready to spring when Willie
Should "play he was asleep."

When, suddenly, with livid gleam,
A roar of thunder broke,
And Willie, terrified, sprang up,—
Indignant at the joke.

"You shouldn't flash your eyes like that!
You shouldn't roar and bawl!—"
And, to this day, poor Willie thinks
The "lion" did it all!

Little Jo's Compliment

ONCE in a lifetime something comes
So cheery and bright it really hums;
Sweet to remember as years go by,
With joy and love in it: that is why.

You see it was this way: Little Jo,
My own dear darling from top to toe,
Not because of a way she had—
Not because she was good or bad—
Or anything charmingly so and so,
But only just because she was Jo—
Well, she and I one beautiful day
Were watching some merry children play.
'Twas a romping, gay, light-hearted band;
But Baby Jo slipped her little hand
In mine, and whispered: "Now, couldn't we go
Somewhere and play by ourselves, you know?
They're nice and good, but you and me—
Our play is so diff'rent, don't you see!"

Whether young or old, when you start to play
With a little tot, you should feel "*her* way."
And so I did. Years were quite forgot.
I was six to her six—yet, six to a dot.
And when she added: "They're happy. Let's run!"
We slipped away, and we had great fun.

And that was all. But now you know
Why I was made happy by little Jo.
For she without knowing all it meant
Had paid me a precious compliment.



The Pensive Cricket

ONE cold November morning,
All gay companions scorning,
A pensive cricket sought
In melancholy thought
His woes to stifle.
"Alas! alas!" cried he,
"Ah woe, ah woe is me!
I really do not see
Why I should be
So melan-melancholy. Ah me!
Let's see."

He thought, and thought, and thought,—
That cricket did.
"It is not love nor care,
That fills me with despair.
My chirp is sharp and sweet,
And nimble are my feet;
My appetite is good,
And bountiful my food;
My coat is smooth and bright;
My wings are free and light,—
Then ah, and oh, ah me!
What can the matter be?"

Long time the cricket sighed,
And muttered low: "Confound it!"
Then joyfully he cried:
"Eureka! Oh, Eureka!"
By which he meant, "I've found it"—
The learned little shrieker.
"It is—ah well-a-day!
Because my girl's away,
My nimble, dimble Dolly,
My cheery, deary Polly.
Oh, queen of little girls!
I like her sunny curls;
I like her eyes and hair,
Her funny little stare,
Her way of jumping quick
Whene'er she hears me click.
She's loving and she's neat,
She's spry and true and sweet;
And though I caper free,
She never steps on me.

" Kee-nick! kee-nick!
Ker-tick! a-tick!
And now the thought has come,
To-morrow she'll be home!
My Polly, Polly, Polly,
My nimble, dimble Dolly!
I'll dance to-night
In the bright moonlight,

To-morrow I'll see Polly!—
Tra la! How very jolly!"

Next night the house with pleasure rang;
For Polly-girl had come;
The cricket on the hearthstone sang,
And home once more was home.



WHEN I am big, I mean to buy
A dozen platters of pumpkin-pie,
A barrel of nuts, to have 'em handy,
And fifty pounds of sugar-candy.

When I am big, I mean to wear
A long-tailed-coat, and crop my hair;
I'll buy a paper, and read the news,
And sit up late whenever I choose.


ELFIN JACK

ELFIN JACK the Giant Killer

DO not think the story
Of the giant-killer's glory
Is known and cherished only by yourselves,
O, my dears;
For his deeds so daring,
And his trick of scaring
All his foes, are quite familiar to the elves,
It appears.

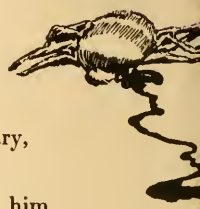
In the starlight tender—
In the moonlight's splendor
Do they gather and recount every deed,
It is said;
How he met a hornet,
Who was playing on a cornet,
Out of tune; and he slew him with a reed,—
Slew him dead!



How, growing ever bolder,
With his reed upon his shoulder,
And an acorn-shield upon his little arm,
Well equipped—
He sought a mighty giant,
Who was known as "Worm, the Pliant,"
And after giving battle, fierce and warm,
Left him whipped.



How he saw a spider
With her victim, dead beside her,
Told her, in a voice of fury, to begone
From his sight;
How he killed her when she'd risen
To her cruel, fatal prison,
And nobly freed her captives, so forlorn,—
Gallant knight!



Ah, but the elves are proudest,
And ring his praises loudest,
When telling of a snail, grim and hoary,
In his mail.
With those fearful horns before him,
Jack gallantly upbore him,
And killed him with a thrust (to his glory)
In the tail!

List in the starlight tender,—
List in the moonlight's splendor,—
For a whirring, like hurrahing, in the glen,
Far and near.
'Tis the elves who, looking back
To their giant-killer, Jack,
Tell his story to each other,—funny men!
With a cheer.



TROUBLED

IF it were not for fairies, this world would be drear;
(I'm sure there are fairies,—heigh-ho!)
The grass would not tangle,
The bluebells would jangle,
The days would be stupid and queer, you know,
And everything dull if the fairies should go.
(I'm sure they are true,—heigh-ho!)

I love to believe in the godmother's mice,
And Hop-o'-my-Thumb, heigh-ho!
And it's cruel in Willy
To call me a silly.
If brothers would only be nice, you know,
Not tease and make fun, all my troubles would go,—
I'd believe in the fairies forever,—heigh-ho!



A BLACK-NOSED kitten will slumber all the day;
A white-nosed kitten is ever glad to play;
A yellow-nosed kitten will answer to your call;
And a gray-nosed kitten I wouldn't have at all!



DON'T trust Chatter, who whispers low,
And tells you stories of Prue and Joe.
Be sure when she whispers to Joe and Prue,
She'll tell them many a tale of you.



HERE'S plenty of shells and clay and water,
Make me some country pies, my daughter."
"Oh! yes, mamma—and the sun is hot,
I can heat my oven as well as not.
If you will take, why, I will make—
Pit 'em and pat 'em and set 'em to bake."

Little Charley

WHAT is coming? Something bright.
It fills the doorway with its light;
It thrills the room with music sweet
Of laugh and prattle and little feet;
It makes it bloom like a garden bed
With white and blue and yellow and red;
It covers the wall with pictures made
Of every moment's light and shade,
And heightens all the sunlit air
With dancing eyes and flowing hair,
Bidding our hearts sing out with joy—
And yet it's only a little boy,
Only our little Charley.

Making it Skip

"I'LL make it skip!"
Cried Harry, seizing a bit of stone.
And, in a trice, from our Harry's hand,
With scarce a dip,
Over the water it danced alone,
While we were watching it from the land—
Skip! skip! skip!

"I'll make it skip!"
Now, somehow, that is our Harry's way:
He takes little troubles that vex one so,
Not worth a flip,
And makes them seem to frolic and play
Just by his way of making them go
Skip! skip! skip!

Hark my Children

HARK! hark! O my children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue
What do the stars sing in the dark?
"We must sparkle, sparkle, through."

What do leaves say in the storm,
Tossed in whispering heaps, together?
"We can keep the violets warm
'Till they wake in fairer weather."

What do happy songsters say,
Flitting through the gloomy wood?
"We must sing the gloom away—
Sun or shadow, God is good."





WIND for the tree-top, sun for the spear;
Johnny will be a big boy in a year.
When he is big he can battle the storm;
While he is little, we'll wrap him up warm.

FARM LESSONS

"HO! plowman Kelly! How does it feel
To get in a wagon by climbing the wheel?"
"Nay, nay, little master, don't try it, I beg,
For that is the way that I broke my leg."

"Kelly, Kelly! Come, show me the way
They turn this machine when they cut the hay!"
"No, no, little master, just let it be—
That hay-cutter cut off my thumb for me."

"Ho, Kelly! The well-curb is rimmed with moss.
Now look at me while I jump across!"
"Hold, hold, young master! 'Twould be a sin!
I tried it once, and I tumbled in."

"Kelly, Kelly! Send me to jail,
But I'll pluck a hair from yon pony's tail."
"Oh, master, master! Come back! Don't try—
That's the very way that I lost my eye."

"Why, Kelly, man, how under the sun
Can you be so frisky and full of fun?—
With all your mishaps, you are never a spoon—
You're as brave as a lion and wise as a coon."

"Well, well, young master, maybe it's so,
And maybe it isn't. But this I know:
It just brings trouble and mischief and slaughter,
To be fussin' around where one hadn't ought ter."

STOCKING SONG ON CHRISTMAS EVE

WELCOME, Christmas! heel and toe,
Here we wait thee in a row.
Come, good Santa Claus, we beg,—
Fill us tightly, foot and leg.

Fill us quickly ere you go,—
Fill us till we overflow.
That's the way! and leave us more
Heaped in piles upon the floor.

Little feet that ran all day
Twitch in dreams of merry play ;
Little feet that jumped at will
Lie all pink, and warm, and still.

See us, how we lightly swing;
Hear us, how we try to sing.
Welcome, Christmas! heel and toe,
Come and fill us ere you go.

Here we hang till some one nimbly
Jumps with treasure down the chimney.
Bless us! how he'll tickle us!
Funny old St. Nicholas!

BELLE AND THE SILVER DISH-COVER

"O MAMMA! look," cried little Belle Dreer;
"There's a girl in the cover like me;
And whenever I move she looks so queer;
It's so funny—I never did see!

"Why, she makes a face if I turn my cheek;
She makes a face if I wink.
Oh! her hair runs off, and she tries to speak;
Why, she's frightened at me, I think!

"Come out, little girl, and see my doll;
Come out of the shine and play.
I haven't a bit of a sister at all,
And my dolly is sick to-day.

"My dolly is sick, and my book is torn,
And my hair will have to be curled;
And mother is reading. It's real forlorn
To be all alone in the world.

"Come out, little girl. Oh! I wish you would
[You *mustn't* make faces that way.]
I'd lift you out of the shine if I could,
And play with you all the whole day."

Snow, Snow, Everywhere!

SNOW, snow, everywhere!
Snow on frozen mountain peak,
Snow on Flippit's sunny hair,
Snowflakes melting on his cheek.
Snow, snow, wherever you go,
Shifting, drifting, driving snow.

But Flippit does not care a pin,
It's Winter without and Summer within,
So, tumble the flakes, or rattle the storm,
He breathes on his fingers and keeps them warm.



IN the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly,—
"Darlings, are you here?"
Till they answer, "We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring," they say.
Then she answers, "He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you;
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you,—
Set you free at last."





Snow

LITTLE white feathers,
Filling the air—
Little white feathers!
How came ye there?
"We came from the cloud-birds
Sailing so high;
They're shaking their white wings
Up in the sky."

Little white feathers,
How swift you go!
Little white snowflakes,
I love you so!
"We are swift because
We have work to do;
But hold up your face,
And we'll kiss you true."

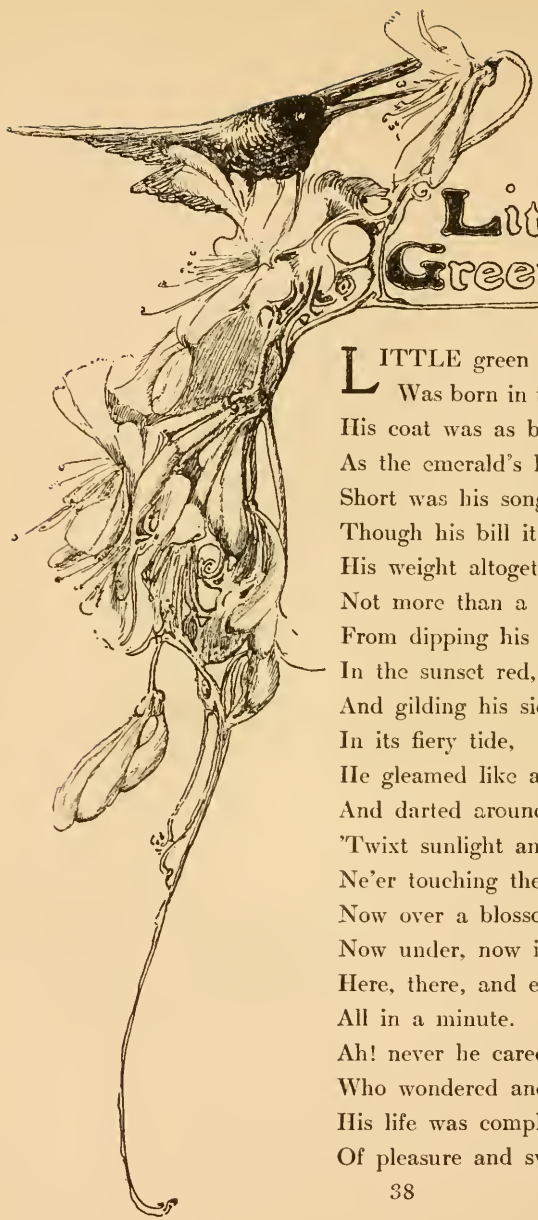









Garden Songs



Little Green Hummer

LITTLE green Hummer
Was born in the summer;
His coat was as bright
As the emerald's light.
Short was his song,
Though his bill it was long;
His weight altogether
Not more than a feather.
From dipping his head
In the sunset red,
And gilding his side
In its fiery tide,
He gleamed like a jewel,
And darted around,
'Twixt sunlight and starlight,
Ne'er touching the ground.
Now over a blossom,
Now under, now in it;
Here, there, and everywhere,
All in a minute.
Ah! never he cared
Who wondered and stared,—
His life was completeness
Of pleasure and sweetness;

He revelled in lightness,
In fleetness and brightness,
This sweet little Hummer
That came with the summer.

GLUCK! gluck! From under a log,
Squatting and leaping, comes Flucky the Frog.
Wide is his mouth, and spreading his toes;
Very elastic and shiny his clothes;
Though lofty his jumpings and brazen his stare,
He sees not the Hummer that flits in the air.



BRIGHT little buttercup, now you will show
Whether my darling likes butter or no.
Buttercup, buttercup, will you begin?
Shine me an answer under her chin.





OH, I'd search the world over
For one four-leaved clover!
Bend low, pretty grass, bend low!
Jump, little crickets! and tumble, you bees!
Green little grasshoppers, limber your knees!
There's one hidden somewhere, I know.



WIRE-LOCKS, Curly-pate, Tangle, and Floss
To make some fine curls they were quite at a loss,
Till they found them a field of the bright dandelion
And made the green ringlets "with only half tryin'."



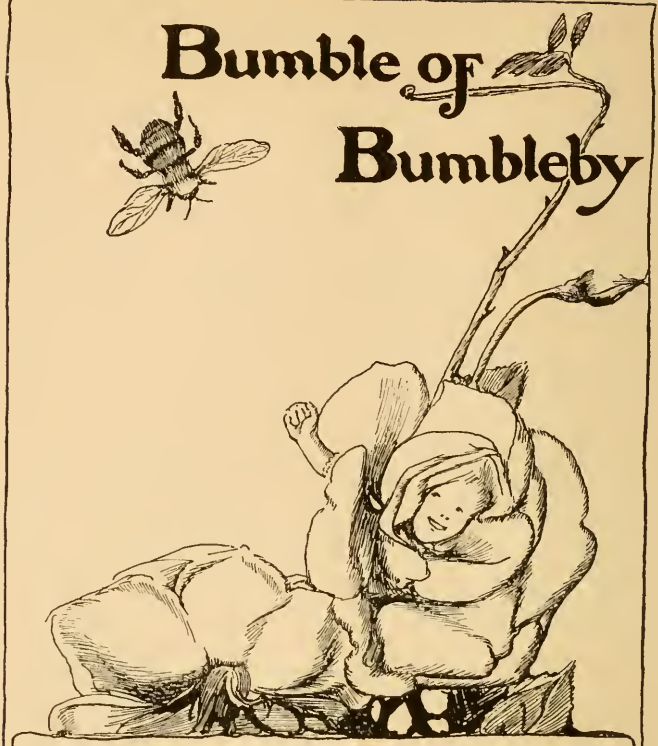






HOLLYHOCK, hollyhock, bend for me,
I need a cheese for my dolly's tea.
I'll put it soon on an acorn plate,
And dolly and I shall feast in state.

Bumble of Bumbleby



BUMBLE of Bumbleby bumped his nose,
Trying to light on a damask rose;
He bumped his nose, but he didn't care
As he pitched about in the dizzy air.
Whenever he tried to his love to fly,
He would scurry ahead and pass her by;
So he tumbled at last on a larkspur near,
And buzzed his business into her ear.



UNLIGHT or starlight,
Tilly, my nilly,
Find me a stem
Of the tiger-lily;
I'll fill it full
From the fountain there
And flash the water
Over your hair!



LAD of Nansook
A jewel-weed took,
And he pressed the end with a will;
The sudden report
Was capital sport,
And the seeds they are flying still.

BLOW loud for the blossoms that live in the trees,
And low for the daisies and clover;
But as soft as I can for the violets shy,
Yes, softly—and over and over.





LITTLE Polly, always clever,
Takes a leaf of live-forever;
Before you know it
You see her blow it,
A gossamer sack
With a velvet back.
How big it grows
As she puffs and blows!
But have a care,
It is full of air.
Unless Polly should stop
It will crack with a pop;
And that's the end of the live-forever;
But little Polly is very clever.



Burs

DEAR me!
What shall it be?
Such sticky affairs
Did ever you see?
Let's make a basket,
Let's make a mat,
Let's make a tea-board,
Let's make a hat;
Let's make a cottage,
Windows and doors;
You do the roof,
And I'll do the floors.
Let's make a pancake,—
Stick them together;
See how they fasten
Close to each other!
Tied to one's heel
They would answer for spurs;
Ah, how we love them,
These comical burs!

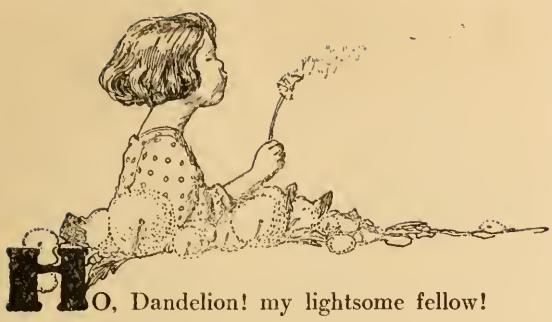
The Ants

GOOD Mistress Ant, I pray, what is the matter?
Why this commotion without any clatter?
"Alack! alack! we're ruined, you see;
I've lost my children, and they've lost me!
Our houses have fallen, our city is shorn,
And thousands are murdered or running forlorn.
Ah me! who would think that such power to destroy
Could lurk in the heel of a bare-footed boy?"



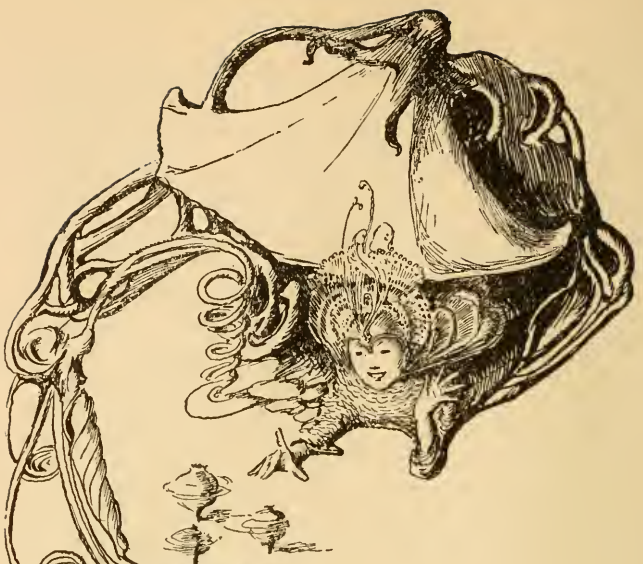


THE Moon came late to a lonesome bog,
And there sat Goggleky Gluck, the frog.
"My stars!" she cried, and veiled her face,
"What very grand people they have in this place!"



HO, Dandelion! my lightsome fellow!
What has become of all your yellow?
"My bonnie yellow it wouldn't stay,
It turned about and it went away,
Till nothing at all was left of me
But the misty, feathery ball you see;
Yet pluck me off, and blow me well,
The time o' day I'll surely tell."

Whiff! whiff! "Blow again,—
Blow with all your might and main."
Whiff! whiff! "That is four.
Now I've but two feathers more."
Whiff! "How tight the last one sticks!"
Whiff! "It's gone; and that makes six.
The sun is getting low, I see,
And you must hurry home to tea."



Hobbledy Hops

HOBBLEDY HOPS
He made some tops
Out of the morning glory;
He used the seed,—
He did indeed;
And that's the end of my story.

Good Mistress Sundial

"GOOD Mistress Sundial, what is the hour?"
"Alack! to tell you I've not the power.
It rains; and I only can work, you see,
When the sun is casting his light on me.
I'm nothing at all but a senseless block
Whenever his beautiful rays depart;
But ask my neighbor, the Four-o'clock;
She carries the time o' day in her heart."

SOMETHING in the garden murmurs all the day;
Something in the garden moans the night away;
Deep in the pine-trees, hidden from our sight,
It murmurs all day, and it moans all night.





A Song of St. Nicholas

COME, ho! sing, ho! ye chimney sprites,
Come and a riddle unravel:
Tell us true, by the dancing lights,
Where does Saint Nicholas travel?

In the twinkling of an eye,
Hither, thither, doth he hie,—
North and south and east and west;
Not a moment doth he rest.
Valleys, hills, and mountain passes,
Sunny fields and drear morasses,
Silent plains and busy towns,
Yankee meadows, English downs,—
Whether crowded, lone or wild,
So it holds one little child,—
Every spot, he knows by heart;
What if half the world apart?
In the twinkling of an eye
Hither, thither, doth he hie.



Prythee, this riddle unravel:
How does Saint Nicholas travel?

How does he travel? This is the way:
Sun or storm or blue or gray,
Soon as he gathers his stock of toys,
Laughing and nodding but never a noise,
Laughing and nodding, shaking his sides,
This is the way Saint Nicholas rides:
Not over mountains, not over streams,
But gliding swift through the children's dreams.
Soon as their eyelids in slumber close,
Hither and thither Saint Nicholas goes.

But how do the little ones go to *him?*
Sing, ho! When the winter waxeth dim,
And, Christmas over, the children say,
"Good Saint Nick! he has gone away,"
Oho! he strokes his jolly old nose,
And lays him down for a quiet doze.
"Ha, ha! the snow is a capital bed!"
And he pulls his nightcap over his head.
Asleep and resting, O good Saint Nick!
Now do the children play him a trick;
For, bright and rosy and lithe of limb,
They travel quick in his dreams, to him.
From every nook and possible place
There peeps a beautiful baby-face.
With joyous murmur and laughing hum,
From every quarter the children come.
Rosy, tender, and snowflake soft,
They throng about him or float aloft;
Closer they nestle, a hundred thick,
And whisper, "We thank you, dear Saint Nick;
We've come to tell you we love you, dear."
And Nicholas laughs in his sleep to hear.
Oho! sing, ho! and now you know:
As soon as the Christmas lights are dim,
And the saint no more his rounds doth go,
The children flock, in his dreams, to him.




The Little Mother

The Little Mother

NOW, Dolly dear, I'm going away.
I want you to be good all day.
Don't lose your shoes, nor soil your dress,
Nor get your hair all in a mess;
But just sit still, and I will come
And kiss you, soon as I get home.
I'd take you, dear, but then, you know
It's Wilhelmina's turn to go.
She's ill, I'm 'fraid; her eyes don't work;
They open worse the more I jerk.
She used to be so straight and stout,
But now her sawdust's giving out.
Her arm is out of order, dear—
My papa says she's "out of gear."
That's dreadful, isn't it? But then,
The air may make her well again.
So, Dolly, you'll be glad, I know,
To have poor Wilhelmina go.
Good-by, my precious; I must run—
To-morrow we'll have lots of fun.





JOHNNY looked down in the spring, one night,
And saw, reflected, a dipper;
The handle crooked, the bottom out,
Yet floating as trim as a clipper.
It wasn't broken; 'twas good as new;
Yes, fit for a monarch's daughter.
"Ho! you're a funny old dipper!" said John;
"You can't hold a drop of water."



Midsummer Frolics

DOWN in the meadow, close by the hill,
Some one is having a party;
Never was heard on a summer night still,
Buzz of enjoyment so hearty.

Strange! for the elves are no longer on earth.
Strange! for the fairies are over!
But, sure as you live, there are frolic and mirth
For somebody, down in the clover.

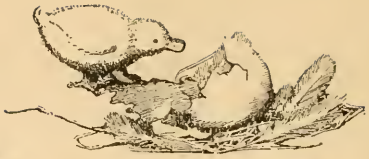
A Suggestion for A Happy New Year

SUPPOSE we think little about number one;
Suppose we all help some one else to have fun;
Suppose we ne'er speak of the faults of a friend;
Suppose we are ready our own to amend;
Suppose we laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt any one "just for the joke;"
Suppose we hide trouble, and show only cheer—
'Tis likely we'll have quite a Happy New Year!

JEAN AND KITTY

HOW did they learn that their ways were small?
Jean and Kitty—
How did they know they were scorned by all?
Jean and Kitty.
Why, they listened one day, at a neighbor's blinds,
And heard the family speak their minds—
What a pity!

LEMONS for Molly;
Molly is sour.
Roses for Polly;
Polly's a flower.
Ginger for Willie;
Willie is quick.
Powders for Tillie;
Tillie is sick.



Out of the Shell

WELL, I'm out, after all!
And I'll say, on my word,
That's a pretty mean house
For a duck of a bird!

Why, I couldn't stand up,
And I couldn't sit down,
But I lay in a cramp
From my toes to my crown.

My good mammy and dad
May have thought me a spoon,
But they'll not get me back
In that thing very soon.



I KNOW where there's a beautiful shoe,
Tiny and sweet, and ready for you;
It hides away in the balsam-flower,
But I'll find you a pair in less than an hour.

"Thank you, my laddie; now this I'll do,
I'll pluck a heart-flower just for you;
The hearts hang close on a bending spray,
And every heart hides a lyre away.

"How shall you find it? I'll tell you true:
You gently sunder the heart in two,
And under the color, as white as milk,
You'll find the lyre with its strings of silk."



THREE-YEAR-OLD WILLIE, bare-footed Willie,
Willie, with hair in a golden-thread tangle;
Tottering Willie, self-helping Willie,
Child in whom sweetness and poverty wrangle;
Willie, whose mother toils in my kitchen;
Willie, whose father carried a hod;
Willie, whose childish disdain is bolder
Than the pride of the emperor, favored of God—

Why dost thou knock at my heart, little pauper,
Bidding me love thee, entering there,
Sitting beside little cherubs who blessed me,
Thy manner half saucy, and half debonair?
With garments all tattered and soiled, little Willie,
And face all begrimed? 'Tis not fitting, you know
Velvets and laces are fine, naughty Willie,
And poor little boys should not come to me so.

The chubby intruder, still wickedly smiling,
And, ah! what a shout! (is he laughing at *me?*
Can the rascal know even the thoughts I am thinking?)
Now rushes upon me, and climbs to my knee.
And though he is silent, I hear him quite plainly—
To listening hearts how a baby can speak!
He tells me (while laces and tatters are blending
And his sunshiny tangles are brushing my cheek):

"I'm a poor little fellow, with no one to teach me;
But my soul is a new one—fresh from God;
And He gave it something so brave and holy,
It never can turn to an earthly clod.
The birds never sing, 'Little Willie is ragged!'
Nor the flowers, 'He will soil us! Take him away!
But they're glad when I happen to look and to listen,
And the blue sky is over me night and day.

"And what if my father, with hod and trowel,
Carried and toiled the whole day long,
Didn't he comfort my mother and love her?
Didn't he cheer her with frolic and song?
I never saw him. One bright autumn morning,
Just three years ago, he went off to the war—
Went off to battle for you and your country:
And then—he never came home any more.

"Nevermore labored with hod and with trowel,
Never came back with his joke and his song.
Mother would know only working and weeping
If I were not sunny and careless and strong.
She chides me and kisses me, scolds me and blesses,
And prays to the saints that her boy may be good;
If she could, she would keep me as clean as a daisy,
Not ragged and soiled, in my fresh babyhood."—

Say no more, Willie! Mock me and love me!
Into my heart enter blithesomely still.
Bright little soldier's boy, poor little worker's boy,
Shame to the coward who uses thee ill!

TROTTY MALONE

BOYS and girls, come riddle and ravel,—
Tell us how you would like to travel.

Crispy, crackly, snow and tingle,
"Give me sleighs!" said Jenny Jingle.

Stony, bumpty, bang and bolter,
"Give me carts!" said Johnny Jolter.

Slidy, glidy, jerky whiff-ter,
"Give me cars!" cried Sally Swifter.

Flipetty, cricketty, elegant go,
"Give me a buggy!" said Benjamin Beau.

"A fig for them all!" cried Trotty Malone,
"Give me a stout pair of legs of my own!"

THE TERRIBLE BALL

GIVE me your ear, good children all,
I'm going to set up a terrible ball—
A terrible ball that began to grow
From only the least little speck of snow.
And, to make the lesson pointed and plain,
I'll just remark that life, in the main,
Is, etcet'ra—you know; and I hope you'll be good
In future to show that you've understood.

Three lovely, little artless boys,
All of them being mothers' joys,
One day decided, in innocent mirth,
To make a snow-ball as big as the earth.
What makes the story more touching still,
The big-eyed school-house on the hill
Was in session, under the cross Miss Stookey,
And these little boys were "playing hookey."
Hookey from Stookey, they worked with a will,
The ball grew bigger—and bigger still;

Then, like a pumpkin fair and round,
They kept it rolling on the ground—
Bigger, bigger, bigger, bigger,
Bigger, bigger, bigger, bigger!
The boys could hardly push it along,
It steadily grew so stout and strong.

Now, this mammoth ball that began as a pill,
Was made, you must know, on top of a hill;
This hill was so terribly steep and high,
That even the coasters would pass it by;
And, saving a road by the cattle made,
It sloped right down, at a fearful grade,
To the meadow, where stood a cottage red
Where these little children were born and bred.

"Halloo!" they cried, "let's have some fun,
There's Stookey's pig as sure as a gun!"
"Hooray! hooray!" cried the children three,
Thus giving vent to their youthful glee.
When—what do you think?—this ungrateful pill,
That they'd made so big on top of the hill,
With an air that said, "Now, I think I've got 'em!"
Resolved to roll all the way to the bottom.

The ball was swift, the ball was big,
Alas for Stookey's innocent pig!
Alas for lovers who walked that way,
They ne'er in their lives forgot the day!
Alas for the learnèd Professor Gath
Who happened to stroll in the snow-ball's path!
And alas, alas, for those children three,
Who shouted and cheered in their pretty glee!

Rolling, growing, demolishing all,
On and on went the terrible ball;

It left the cattle down on their knees,
It crushed the fences and bent the trees;
Even the hay-stacks went ker-flop.
It wouldn't turn, and it wouldn't stop,
But still rolled on in steady motion,
Making a bee-line for the ocean!

With laugh and shout and merry hoot,
Those children followed in glad pursuit.
"Hooray! hooray!" they cried again,
And then gave chase with might and main;
They gave it chase with main and might,
But the terrible ball rolled out of sight.

And now comes the saddest part of all.
(Oh! that cruel, wicked, terrible ball!)
When at last the three little artless boys,
Tired of running and making a noise,
All resolved to go home to bed,
Where, oh! where was that cottage red?
Where, oh! where? Ask the terrible ball—
Never a home had those children small.
Gone, clean gone! with picket and paling—
And all their joy was turned to wailing!

MORAL

Hence it is, and so we see
Thus and so, it seems to me,
As I'm sure you'll all agree,
And ever after, better be.

NIGHT AND DAY

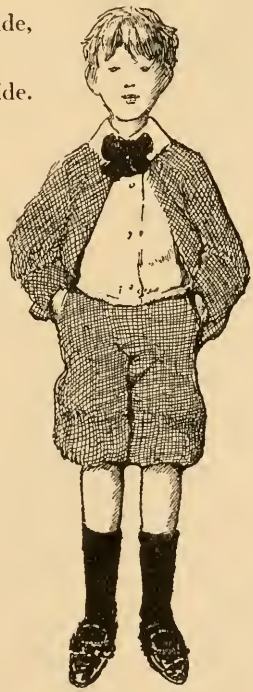
WHEN I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees.

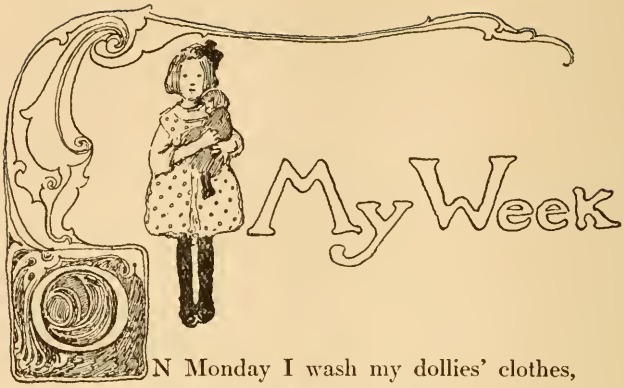
When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
God sees.

Need I ever know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near:—
God sees.

Wouldn't and Would

I WOULDN'T be a growler, I wouldn't be a bear;
I wouldn't be an owlet, always on a stare;
I wouldn't be a monkey, doing foolish tricks;
I wouldn't be a donkey, full of sullen kicks.
I wouldn't be a goose,
Nor a peacock full of pride,
But I would be a big boy,
With a pocket on each side.





ON Monday I wash my dollies' clothes,
On Tuesday smoothly press 'em;





On Wednesday mend their little hose,
On Thursday neatly dress 'em.





On Friday I play they're taken ill,
On Saturday something or other;





But when Sunday comes, I say, "Lie still;
I'm going to church with mother."







BABY'S dreams are very bright,
Though they come at dead of night,
When the house is still;
For a moonbeam comes to take her
Where the sweetest sounds shall wake her,
Where she'll play at will.

In the dreamland, far away,
There do sleeping babies play,
There they laugh and walk.
All the day their speech is gone—
Not a foot to stand upon—
There they leap and talk.

There the pretty candle-blaze,
When they clutch it, brightly stays;
  There the stars so grand
Come to meet the outstretched arm,
Leap all sparkling to the palm
  Of the little hand.

But in all that wondrous place,
Still is smiling, mother's face;
  Mother's touch is there;
And like music sweet and low;
Though the baby does not know,
  Breathes the mother's prayer.

So the baby laughs and plays
Through the happy dreamland ways
  (Close to heaven, maybe),
Till the merry sunbeams take her
To her bed, and gently wake her.
  —Now, come see our Baby!



ONE & ONE



TWO little girls are better than one;
Two little boys can double the fun;
Two little birds can build a fine nest;
Two little arms can love mother best.
Two little ponies must go to a span;
Two little pockets has my little man,—
Two little eyes to open and close,
Two little ears and one little nose,
Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet,
Two little shoes on two little feet,
Two little lips and one little chin,
Two little cheeks with a rose shut in,
Two little shoulders, chubby and strong,
Two little legs running all day long.
Two little prayers does my darling say,
Twice does he kneel by my side each day,—
Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
Two little eyelids cast meekly down,—
And two little angels guard him in bed,
"One at the foot, and one at the head."

THE WELL-MEANING FROG

'TWAS a lonely bog,
With a boy and frog
On the marsh's brink.
"I'll kill him!" cried the boy. In fact,
He leaned to do the dreadful act,—
When lo! a splash!
And in a flash
Did froggie think:
"What a mishap!
That little chap
Has tumbled in—
Up to his chin!
It's very true,
He meant to do
Some harm to me,
But then, you see,
To mock him now would not be kind,
Lest he should drown.
I'll just go down
And tickle his ears
To calm his fears
And let him know that I didn't mind."

Soon, a dripping, sobbing, muddy boy
Ran home across that lonesome bog;
While, placidly smiling on the shore,
Squatted that thoroughly well-meaning frog.



The Little Dutchman

OH, I'm a little Tuchman,
My name is Van der Dose,
An' vat I cannot get to eat,
I smells it mit my nose.

An' ven dey vill not let me blay,
I takes it out in vork;
And ven dey makes me vork too hard,
I soon de jop will shirk.

An' ven dey sends me off to ped,
I lays avake all night;
An' ven dey comes to vake me up,
I shuts my eyes up tight.

For I'm a little Tuchman,
My name is Van der Dose,
An' vat I do not know meinself,
I never vants to knows.

HOW MANY THINGS IN MY POCKET?

TAP at your brain and unlock it,
Then count all the things in my pocket:
A nail and a screw,
A screw-driver, too;
A cent and a dollar,
A tumbled-up collar;
A neck-tie and glove,
A note from my love;
Two peppermint-drops,
A couple of tops;
A buckle, a ball,
The head of a doll;
A top-snare, of course,
A six-penny horse;
Four pins, always handy,
And three sticks of candy;
Ten nuts and a pen,
A squirt—and what then?
Why, my knife, to be sure,
And an old wooden skewer;
That's all—oh! a string;
A galvanized ring;
A pistol (but no one could cock it),
And that's all I have in my pocket.

Little Pot Soon Hot

FUME and fury! I have cause
To tear about and break the laws.

But, on the whole, I'd better not;
"Little pots are soon hot."

Little souls slights discover;
Big souls pass 'em over.

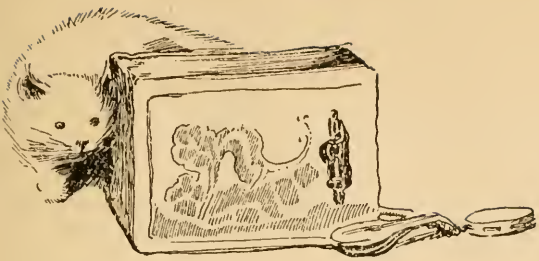
Big souls bear their trouble;
Little souls sizz and bubble.

Little souls oft ferment;
Big souls are content.

Big souls tumble slowly;
Little souls—roly poly!

Big souls, like as not,
When it's fitting, *do* get hot.

But "little pots" all grandeur spoil.
I'll think a bit before I boil!



"HAVE you heard the news, good neighbor?"
"No. What is the news, I pray?"
"Why, the cat went down to a concert
And frightened the music away."









Nell and her Bird



GOOD-BY, little birdie!
Fly to the sky,
Singing and singing
A merry good-by.

Tell all the other birds,
Flying above,
Nell, in the garden,
Sends them her love.

Tell how I found you,
Hurt, in a tree;
Then, when they're wounded
They'll come right to me.

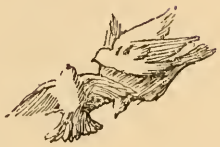
I'd like to go with you
If I could fly;
It must be so beautiful
Up in the sky!

Why, little birdie!
  Why don't you go?
You sit on my finger,
  And shake your head, "No."

He's off! Oh! how quickly
  And gladly he rose!
I know he will love me
  Wherever he goes.



I know—for he really
  Seemed trying to say,
"My dear little Nelly,
  I can't go away."



But just then some birdies
  Came flying along
And sang, as they neared us,
  A chirruping song.

And he felt just as I do
  When girls stand and shout
Right under my window
  "Come, Nelly! Come out!"

It's wrong to be sorry;
  I *ought* to be glad;
But he's the best birdie
  That ever I had.



SOME one we cannot hear,
Some one we cannot see,
Shakes the baby,
Wakes the baby,
Makes him laugh with glee.

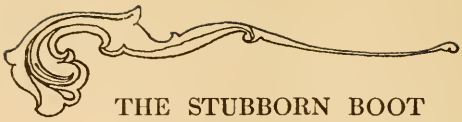


MY LADDIE

OH! have you seen my laddie?
His heart is true and kind;
His cheeks are fresh and rosy,
His hair floats on the wind.

He's a brave and lightsome laddie,
On honest toil intent.
Oh! we had some words this morning,
And I don't know where he went.

You'll know if he's my laddie
By the twinkle in his e'e
When you whisper to him softly
That he may come to me.



THE STUBBORN BOOT

"BOTHER!" was all John Clatterby said.
His breath came quick, and his cheek was red,
He flourished his elbows, and looked absurd,
While, over and over, his "Bother!" I heard.

Harder and harder the fellow worked,
Vainly and savagely still he jerked;
The boot, half on, *would* dangle and flap—
"Oh, bother!" and then he broke the strap.

Redder than ever his hot cheek flamed;
Harder than ever he fumed and blamed;
He wriggled his heel, and tugged at the leather
Till knees and chin came bumping together.

"My boy!" said I, in a voice like a flute,
"Why not—ahem!—try the mate of that boot;
Or the other foot?"—"I'm a goose," laughed John,
As he stood, in a flash, with his two boots on.

In half the affairs
  Of this busy life
(As that same day
  I said to my wife),
Our troubles come
  From trying to put
The left-hand shoe
  On the right-hand foot,
Or *vice versa*
  (Meaning, reverse, sir).
To try to force,
  As quite of course,
Any right foot
  In the wrong shoe,
Is the silliest thing
  A man can do.

SONG OF SUMMER

UP in the tree top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,—
Near by and far away creatures are living.
God in his bounty ever is giving.

Up in the tree top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,—
Near by and everywhere creatures are striving.
Labor is surely the price of their thriving.

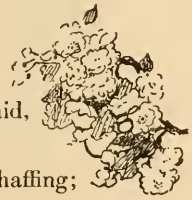
Up in the tree top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,—
Near by and everywhere, singing and humming,
Busily, joyfully, Summer is coming!



The Queen o' May

THE Queen o' May
Held court one day,—
The fields had naught to give her;
All in their best
Her maids were drest,
And they began to shiver.

The Queen—sweet lass!
Said: "Search the grass,
And look for daisies growing;
You'll find the air
Quite soft and fair,
Unless it fall a-snowing."



"Quite soft!" they said,
Each loyal maid.
"So fair!" the boys went chaffing;
But soon the May
Came down that way,
And set them all a-laughing.



IN·THE·WOOD

"WHAT says the book, my lassie?
What says the book to thee?"
"It says the wood is beautiful,
The blossoms fair to see;
It says the brook tells merrily
A little tale of glee,
And birds, brimful of melody,
Do sing their songs for me."

"Then close the page, my lassie,
And lift thy pretty head,
And what the book would say to thee
The wood shall say instead.
The brook shall tell its merry tale,
The flowers their brightness shed,
And the birds shall sing—for life is life,
And printed words are dead.

"Hear what the bird sings, lassie:
'O little lady fair!
The breath of flowers is over thee,
The sunlight in thy hair;
The heart of a little maiden
Is free as birds in the air—
And God is good to thee and me,
O little lady fair!' "



In the Basket.



SAY, do you hear my basket
Go "kippy! kippy! pe-ek"?
Maybe my funny basket
Is learning how to speak.

If you want to know the secret,
Go ask the speckled hen,
And tell her when I've warmed them
I'll bring them back again.



Wandering Joe

TELL me, O wandering Joe!
How many miles did you go?

"Why, one to my mother's,
And three to my brother's,
And just half a dozen
To hunt up a cousin;
And half a mile yonder
Where porcupines wander;
And three half-miles back
To cover the track.
Then a half and a half
To water the calf,
And a half and a quarter
Before I found water;
Add a quarter to that,
When I chased a black cat;
Then two to town,
To see Ned Brown;
And one for luck,
And one for pluck;
And one for trouble,
And two for double;
And then 'twas best
To sit and rest.

"And now, my friend," says Joe,
"How many miles *did* I go?"

Children's Hymn

AIR, "*Little Drops of Water.*"

FROM the sunny morning
To the starry night,
Every look and motion
Meets our Father's sight.

From our earliest breathing
To our latest year,
Every sound we utter
Meets our Father's ear.

Through our earthly journey,
Wheresoe'er we go,
Every thought and feeling
Doth our Father know.

Let us then be careful
That our looks shall be
Brave and kind and cheerful,
For our Lord to see.

Let us guard each accent
With a holy fear,
Fit our every saying
For our Lord to hear.

CHILDREN'S HYMN

Let no thought within us,
  Hidden or confessed,
Ever bring a sorrow
  To our dear Lord's breast.

Help us, O our Father!
  Hear our earnest plea—
Teach Thy little children
  How to live for Thee!



THE SUN AND THE STARS

ONE day, when the sun was going down,
He said to a star hard by:
"Sparkle your best; for you see, my friend,
I'm going out of the sky."

Now, the little star was old as the sun,
Though rather small of his age,
So he kept quite still in the yellow light,
And looked as wise as a sage.

"I'm going, you see!" cried the sun again,
"Going right out of the sky!"
And he slid away, but not out of sight
Of that little star hard by.

The little star, peering, saw him go
On his gorgeous western way;
And twinkled with fun, as he said, "O Sun!
You're in for another day!

"And as for going out of the sky,
Your majesty knows you can't;
You are shining somewhere, full and strong,
In spite of your rays aslant."

No answer. Then the star grew bright,
And sparkled as neighbors came;
He told the joke to the twinkling crowd,
And they laughed the sun to shame.

One gay little star was so amused,
That he shot across the sky;
And all the others bobbed and blinked
To see him go speeding by.

But after awhile, a rosy light
Appeared on the eastern side;
And, one by one, the stars grew shy,
And tried in the sky to hide.

"Ho! ho!" the sun broke forth. "Ho! ho!
Just stay where you are, my dears,
And shine away, for you can't be seen
When all of my light appears.

"The people below will say you are gone,
Though you're shining. Think of that!
Well, they thought all night I had left the sky,—
So it's only tit for tat."

L. of C.

TAKING TIME TO GROW

"MAMMA! mamma!" two eaglets cried,
"To let us fly you've never tried.
We want to go outside and play;
We'll promise not to run away."
The mother wisely shook her head:
"No, no, my dears. Not yet," she said.

"But, mother dear," they called again,
"We want to see those things called men,
And all the world so grand and gay,
Papa described the other day.
And—don't you know?—he told you then
About a little tiny wren,
That flew about so brave and bold,
When it was barely four weeks old?"

But still the mother shook her head;
"No, no, my dears, not yet," she said.
"Before you see the world below,
Far bigger you will have to grow.
There's time enough to look for men;
And as for wrens—a wren's a wren.
What if your freedom does come late?
An eaglet can afford to wait."

The Rats

WHEN I'm sitting
At my knitting
After tea—
Deary me!
Such commotion,—
Land o' Goshen!
And it's all
In the wall!

Rumble, tumble,
Flurry, scurry,
Now a rushing,
And a crushing;
Now a rattle,
And a battle;
Now a squeak
And a fall,
But the clatter,
For that matter,
And the rumble
And tumble
And scratching
And catching
Keep on
Through it all.

Rats in dozens,
With their cousins,
Or in droves,
With their loves:
Now it's raps,
Now it's taps,
Or it's crunching,
Or munching;
Or a creak,
Or a shriek.
If I knew
What to do,
Or you'd show
Where to go,
I'd be off
Like a streak.
Rats are rats,
Spite of cats
And the rest.
But—my star!—
Beginning or end
Or middle, depend
The things are a pest;
And they're all
In the wall;
So they are!

DOGGIE'S TRICKS

WHAT'S this coming? Baby, hark!
It's the doggie—hear him bark:
"Bow, wow, wow, wow"—
Don't you frighten Baby now!

Pussy hears him. See her hide,
Now her eyes are open wide:
"Meouw, Meouw—*sptisss, sptisss!*"
Oh, how angry pussy is!

Go 'way, doggie—run off, quick;
Moonie cow has found your stick—
"Moo, moo, moo, moo;"
Moonie cow is calling you.

Now he's off. He's in the yard,
All the sheep are running hard.
"Ba-a, ba-a, ba-a, ba-a!"
(What a naughty dog you are!)

Up, old rooster! doggie's coming;
He will catch you—see him running!
"Ech-ka cock-a-doodle-doo"—
Go 'way, dog! Who cares for you?

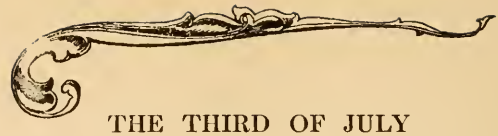
Now he's at the ducks—O look!
See them waddle to the brook.

"Quack! quack! quack! quack!"
Doggie cannot drive them back.

Turkey gobbler, chase him now;
Chase him, turkeys! "Bow, wow, wow!"
"Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble!"
"Bow, wow, wow"—"gobble, gobble!"

Sting him, bees! The naughty doggie!
Jump upon him, great big froggie!
"Buzz, buzz," "gluck, gluck:"
Now, old doggie, where's your pluck?

There, they've bothered you enough—
And you're sorry, poor old Buff?
"Bow, wow, wow, wow,"
Come and play with Baby now.



THE THIRD OF JULY

HA, ha! little Toddlekins—cash, did you say?
You shall have it, my boys.
For racket and noise,
Crackers and powder,
Louder and louder,
Shall bang and resound on the glorious day!

Here's a dollar for Johnny, a dollar for Paul.
And you, little Dick,
Come to father, my chick!
Now *that's* for a pack,
And *that's* for a pack,
And *that's* for torpedoes and snappers and all!

Now Robbie and Willie,—you boys with "real" pockets;
Ha, ha! I declare.
Shall I put it in there?
Hear it dropping, co-chunk!
What! you want more for punk?
Here it is. And *I'll* see to the pin-wheels and rockets.

Of course, you all know of the great Declaration
That made us as free
As a country could be.
On that glorious Fourth,
East, West, South, and North
Were proclaimed a United American Nation!

How our forefathers bled,—they, the mighty and wroth!
To make us all free,—
Yes, *you*, boys, and me.
Though you can't understand
How they wrestled and planned,
You can honor them, boys, and remember the Fourth.

Be off with your money! To-morrow's the word!
Hold, Johnny, here's more
To divide 'twixt you four.
And Dick, here's a dime,—
Hurrah! What a time!
We'll have such a racket as never was heard!





Coming

TWO fair ships are sailing,
Sailing over the sea,—
Willie's ship and my ship—
Full as full can be;
Side by side, my Willie says,
Like as pin to pin.
Oh, the happy, happy days
When our ships come in!

While our ships are sailing,
Sailing over the sea,—
Willie's ship and my ship—
Full as full can be,
Sailing on the sunny tide,
Grieving would be sin:
Soon or late, and side by side,
Shall our ships come in.



The Dainty Miss Rose

OH, a perfect nose,
And dainty toes,
And woolen hose,
Had Miss Rose!

A dog was she of high degree,
Born of an ancient family.
From her mother's side
Came her Spanish pride;
She had royal ways,
And her pedigree reckoned
From the glorious days
Of Charles the Second!

Well, she needed an escort
To a party of some sort,
One evening in May.
And to see her bother
'Twixt one dog and t'other,
Was as good as a play.

Many pups came to say
  They would be at her service,
But she sent them away
  With a manner quite nervous.
In fact, I must own,
Of dogs fully grown,
She snubbed them by name
As fast as they came:
Sir Rover was coarse,
  And Ponto was cruel;
Old Bounce was a horse,
  Young Pip lived on gruel;
Spitz was a sneak,
  Fido was surly;
Pomp was too sleek,
  Carlo too curly;

Then came a brave wight
  For a desperate pull;
He had been in a fight,
  Old Major de Bull.
He was cross as a bear,
And scanty of hair.
Also young Isle of Skye,
  Rather down at the heel;
And the well-mannered Guy,
  Who was sour, but genteel.



But dainty Miss Rose
Still tossed up her nose—
She couldn't, she couldn't,
She wouldn't, she shouldn't
With one of them go,
She'd thank 'em to know.

By this time it was growing late,
And dainty Rose bemoaned her fate;
When, in the sky, there sprang in sight
A throbbing, sparkling thing of light.
"What's that," she cried, "I see afar?"
And Guy replied, "The great Dog Star—

"Too Sirius, dear, for such as you,
And very much above you, too."
"Not so, indeed!" cried dainty Rose,
No longer turning up her nose.
"Now, I am matched at last, you see,
The Dog Star shall my escort be!"

Then off she started, quite content,
And gallantly the Dog Star went.
For all the way he kept in sight,
And held her in his tender light,
Guiding her steps with steady rays,
And blinking when he met her gaze.

IF cows wore satin slippers,
And kits were dressed in silk,
We'd send the mice to dancing-school,
And beg our buttermilk.

BUMBLE, bramble, which came first, sir,—
Eggs or chickens? Who can tell?
I'll never believe that the first egg burst, sir,
Before its mother was out of her shell.

BEES in the manger—
Poor Dobbin's nose!
Boys in the garden;—
Hide, pretty rose!
Cats in the dairy—
Woe to the cream!
Spiders on the ceiling—
Hear Mollie scream!

Little Whimpy

WHIMPY, little Whimpy
Cried so hard one day,
His Grandma couldn't stand it,
And his mother ran away;
His sister climbed the hay-mow,
His father went to town,
And cook flew to the neighbor's,
In her shabby, kitchen gown.

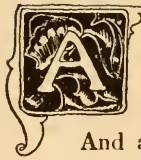
Whimpy, little Whimpy
Stood out in the sun
And cried until the chickens
And ducks began to run;
Old Towser in his kennel
Growled in an angry tone;
Then burst his chain, and Whimpy
Was left there, all alone.

Whimpy, little Whimpy
Cried, and cried, and cried;
Soon the sunlight vanished,
Flowers began to hide,
Birdies ceased their singing,
Frogs began to croak,
Darkness came; and Whimpy
Found crying was no joke.

LITTLE WHIMPY

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
  Will ne'er forget the day
When his Grandma couldn't stand it,
  And his mother ran away;
He was waiting by the window
  When they all came home to tea—
And a gladder boy than Whimpy
  You need never hope to see.

LITTLE BEGINNINGS



A LITTLE girl on a little bench
By a little window stood,
And a little trouble was in her heart—
"Ah! if I were but good!"

"Not very, very good," she thought,
"Like dear Aunt Jane who died;
But only patient, true and kind,
And free from wicked pride."

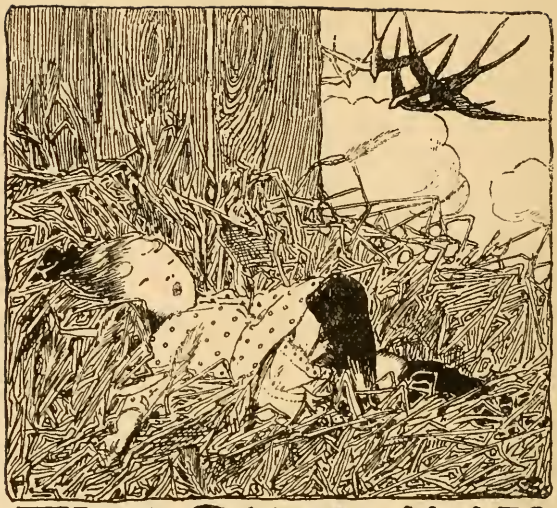
Then upward rose a little prayer—
So earnestly it went,
That the little heart of the little maid
Was filled with a sweet content.

And standing there on the little bench,
She looked up into the sky:
"I'll try to be good right off," she said,
"And better yet, by and by."



RUT-A-TUT-TUTS!
Who can crack nuts?
Squirrels, can you?
"That we can, true—
Rut-a-tut-tuts,
We can crack nuts!"

Chicketty-chack,
Cracketty-crack.
"Pooh!" said the hammer,
"Silence your clamor,
Rut-a-tut-tuts—
Who can't crack nuts?"



THE SAND MAN

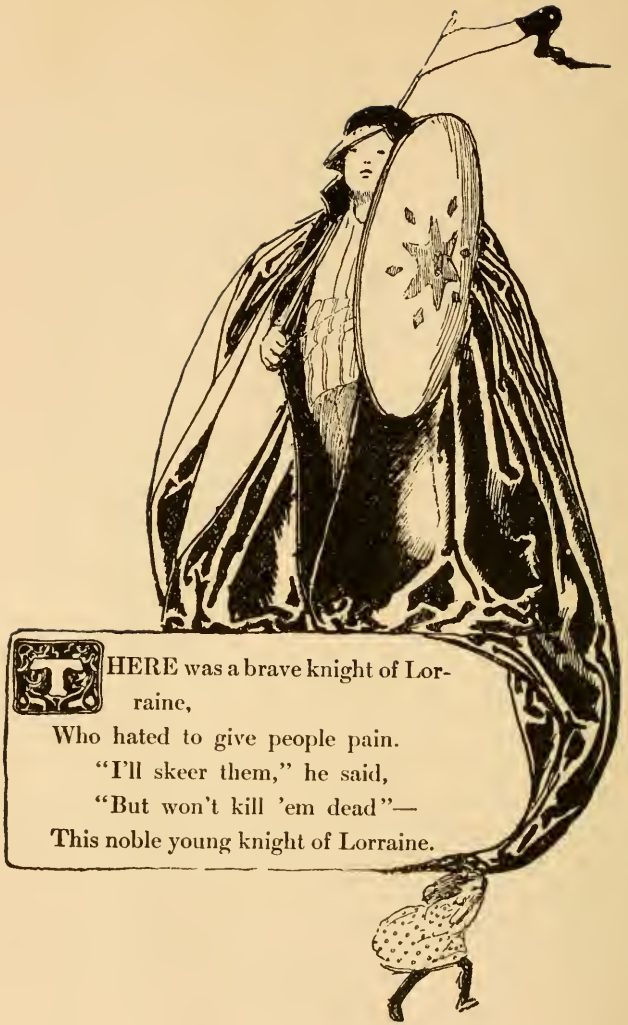
OHO! but he travels the country over,
The queer little, kind little, elfish rover!
Lightly he bears in his tricksome hand
A silvery horn full of sleepy sand,
Shaking it here, and shaking it there,
Till the blossoms nod in the drowsy air;
Till the sunlight creeps down hill to bed,
Or slips through the sky where clouds are red;
Till the lambkins bleat a soft "good-night!"
And birds grow still in the tree-tops bright,
While sweet little eyelids, all over the land,
Droop with the weight of the silvery sand.

THE SAND MAN

Oho! Oho! where the Sand Man goes
Every one wonders and nobody knows;
For just when the right time comes to peep,
Little and big are falling asleep.
He steals to the cradles, the cribs, the beds,
And sprinkles his sand over children's heads,
Till bright little faces lie warm and still,
Smiling or grave, at the Sand Man's will.
He catches them often at full mid-day,
And bids them stop in their merry play—
With a "Ho! my darling," "Hi! my dear,"
"I'll sing a dream-song into your ear."

Some on the carpet, some on the chairs,
Some curled up on the nursery stairs;
Some in the grass where the shadows play,
Some hidden deep in the fragrant hay,
And some who, folded in mother's embrace,
Float in a lullaby, pressing her face.
Oho! but he travels the country over,
The queer little, kind little, elfish rover!
And whence he comes, and whither he goes,
Every one wonders, and nobody knows;
For just when the right time comes to peep,
All the children are falling asleep.



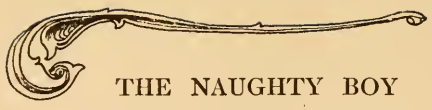


THERE was a brave knight of Lorraine,
Who hated to give people pain.
"I'll skeer them," he said,
"But won't kill 'em dead"—
This noble young knight of Lorraine.

In Trust



T'S coming, boys,
It's almost here;
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year!
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing;
A year for striving
And hearty thriving;
A bright new year.
Oh! hold it dear;
For God who sendeth
He only lendeth.



THE NAUGHTY BOY

"OCH, save us!" cried Betty, "I'm 'most driven wild;
Would you shtep here a moment, ma'am, please?
For the sowl of me, ma'am, I can't ready the child
While he keeps up such doin's as these.

"I might better be curlin' a porkerpine quill,
Or washin' the face of a eel,
Than be dressin' of him—for he never bees still
'Less I howld him by neck an' by heel.

"It's three blissed times since I put on his clothes
That he's wriggled stret off o' the chair;
Not a moment ago he attack-ted me nose,
And it's twice he's been into me hair.

"If ye'll credit me, ma'am, wid his cryin' an' kickin',
He's brought tears to me eyelids, like rain—
If he wasn't so bad, ma'am, I wouldn't be speakin',
For I niver was one to complain."

Thus summoned, I went to the nursery-door,
There sat master Johnny, a-pout.
And I said, as I lifted him up from the floor,
"Why, Johnny, what's all this about?"

A scream was his answer. His flushed little face
Looked angrily up into mine;

"Oo hurt!" "Do I, Johnny? Where?—show me the place!"
But his cry only changed to a whine.

In a moment, I found out the cause of the trouble—
'Twas a pin, pricking deep in his side;
And she, in her roughness, had bent the thing double—
No wonder my darling had cried!

Poor Johnny! He sobbed on my shoulder awhile,
Then held up his face to be kissed;
(If Betty went back to the Emerald Isle,
I know where she wouldn't be missed.)

Soon, meek as a lamb when the tempest is whirling,
And the shepherd is deaf to his bleat,
Our Johnny submitted to washing and curling,
Till Betty proclaimed him "complete."

In "righting" each other,
(As Betty would say),
If we find there's a bother
That stands in the way—

Perhaps 'twould be well,
Before crying, "Sin,"
And running to tell,
To look for the pin!

HOLLOA!
What's the matter?
Why this bustle,
Noise and clatter?
Mercy on us!
Don't you know
Little Pipkin's
Stubbed his toe!

What's that?
Some one knocks.
How the wind
Shakes the locks!
Run, quick!
How absurd—
Only a beggar,
Upon my word!



The Little Mote

A LITTLE mote lived in a sunbeam,
And danced in its light all day;
But she jumped with surprise one morning,
At hearing the housemaid say:—

"Oh, the dust! How it keeps one a-working!
It settles all over the room—
And the air is so full, it is folly
To labor with duster and broom!"

"Poor thing!" sighed the mote, "Well, I'm sorry.
I think I'll go hide in her hair—
I'm such a wee speck of a dustlet
She never will know I am there."

The Alphabet

LITTLE boys with pockets,
Little boys with none,
Little bright-eyed lassies
Gather, every one!
Crowd around me closely.
Would you master books?
You must first discover
How each letter looks.



has a bar
Where a fairy might ride;



is a post
With two loops at the side.



might be round
If a piece you would lend;



is a buck-saw
Standing on end.



has a peg
In the middle, they say;



is an E
With the bottom away.



is like C,
With a block on one end;



has a seat
That would hold you, depend.



is so straight
It would do for a prop;



is a crook
With a bar at the top.



is a stick
With a crotch fastened to it;



is a roost,
If the chickens but knew it.



has four parts,
As you quickly may see;



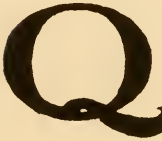
the poor fellow!
Is made out of three.



is so round
It would do for a hoop;



is a stick
With a top like a loop.



to be curly
Is constantly trying;



is like B,
With the bottom loop flying.



is a snake,
All crooked and dread;



is a pole
With a bar for a head.



it is plain,
Would make a good swing;



is as sharp
As a bumble-bee's sting.



ought
To be called double-V;



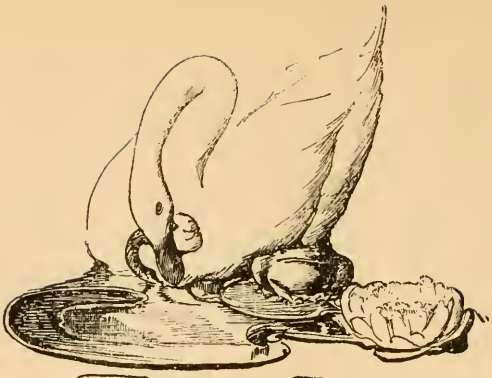
is a cross,
As you plainly can see;



is just formed
Like a V on a stand;



is the crookedest
Thing in the land!



Three Ways

"HOW sweet," said the swan,
"To glide and plash!
And not, like a frog,
To dive and dash."

"How fine," said the frog,
"To dive and dash!
And not, like a swan,
To glide and plash."

"But better than either
To float with grace,"
A pond lily whispered,
"Yet keep your place."



FARMER in Bungleton had a colt,
That couldn't be taught to moo;
And he kept his cow under lock and bolt
Till the smith could make her a shoe.
His ducks wouldn't gobble, his geese wouldn't quack,
His cat couldn't bark at all.
"I'm clean discouraged!" he cried; "alack!
I'll give up my farm in the fall."

THERE was a shrewd lad of Cooloo
Who thought baby's tooth wasn't through.
Says he, "Though I doubt,
I'se a-gwine to find out."
And he did—that shrewd lad of Cooloo.

Among the Animals

ONE rainy morning,
Just for a lark,
I jumped and stamped
On my new Noah's Ark:
I crushed an elephant,
Smashed a gnu,
And snapped a camel
Clean in two;
I finished the wolf
Without half tryin',
And wild hyena,
And roaring lion;
I knocked down Ham,
And Japhet, too,
And cracked the legs
Of the kangaroo;
I finished, besides,
Two pigs and a donkey,
A polar bear,
A 'possum, and monkey;
Also the lions,
Tigers, and cats,
And dromedaries,
And tiny rats.

There wasn't a thing
  That didn't feel,
Sooner or later,
  The weight o' my heel;
I felt as grand
  As grand could be—
But oh, the whipping
  My mammy gave me!




OOR little Toddlekins,
All full o' skeeter-bites—
"Bodder him awful,"
Baby can't sleep o' nights.
Buzzing all over him,
Singing and tickling,
In and out, round about,
Nipping and prickling.
Poor little Toddlekins,
All full o' skeeter-bites—
"Bodder him awful,"
Can't even sleep o' nights!

What shall I buy





"I'VE got a penny,
What shall I buy?
I'll buy a—whistle,
That's what I'll buy.

"I've got two pence,
What shall I buy?
I'll buy a—pop-gun,
That's what I'll buy.

"I've got three pence,
What shall I buy?
I'll buy a—horsey,
That's what I'll buy."



Notice -

The charm of this thrilling ditty lies in allowing the little one to suggest the last word of the third lines, and it can be kept up indefinitely.

WAITING FOR FATHER

IN the gray of the twilight and glow of the fire,
A little girl sat on the rug.
She was warming a slipper; and Pussy sat nigh her,
And also her friend, Mr. Pug.
And the song in the heart of the glad little girl,
As the light of the fire played over each curl,
Was, "Father is coming—hurrah! hurrah!
Father is coming—hurrah!"

She had spread out his soft woolen gown on the chair,
With its facings of beautiful blue;
Had picked up her playthings that lay here and there,
And arranged things as well as she knew.
"For the room must be tidy and pretty and bright,"
She said to herself, "when he comes, every night,
And soon he is coming—hurrah! hurrah!
Father is coming—hurrah!"

How rosy her cheeks, and how sparkling her eyes!
How dimpled her soft little hand!
While Pussy and Pug look as solemn and wise
As if the whole scene they had planned.
But you never would think, so demure are the three,
That the little maid's heart could be singing with glee:
"Father is coming—hurrah! hurrah!
Father is coming—hurrah!"

WAITING FOR FATHER

The sunlight has vanished, and bleak is the street,
And beggars are dreading the night.
The pavement is noisy with home-speeding feet,
And only the windows are bright;
When quickly the little maid springs from the rug,
Leaving Pussy half sleeping, but followed by Pug;
"Father is coming—hurrah! hurrah!
Father is coming—hurrah!"

Dobbin's Friend

DOBBIN has a little friend,
Spotted white and sable;
Every day she goes to him,
In his lonely stable.

Not a mite of dread has she,
Not a thought of danger;
Lightly runs between his hoofs,
Jumps upon his manger;

Lays her soft, warm cheek to his,
Purrs her meek "Good morning!"
Gives the flies that hover near,
Such a look of warning!

"Dobbin, dear," she sometimes says,
"Feel my winter mittens;
Nice and warm, you see, and made
Purposely for kittens.

"Dobbin, dear, such times at home!
Mother has caught a rat!
Brought it home to show to us—
What do you think of that?"

"Dobbin!" she whispers, purring still,
"You often get so weary,
Why don't you balk or run away,
And get your freedom, dearie?"

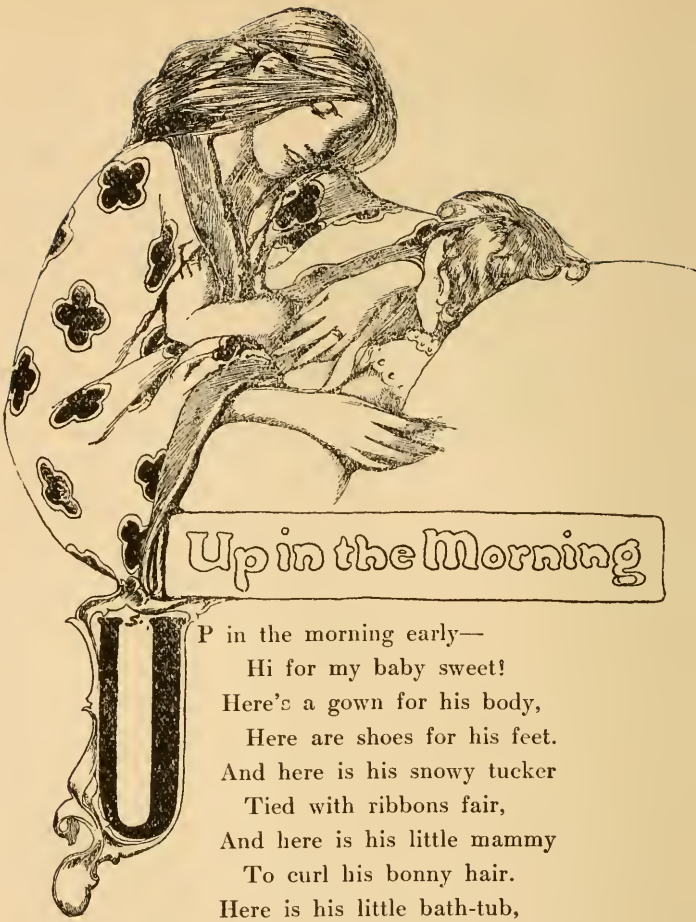
Then Dobbin gives his head a toss,
And says, "For shame, Miss Kitty,
If I could do so mean a thing,
'Twould be a monstrous pity;

"No, no; my master's good and kind;
I'll never vex him, never!"
And pussy, pleased, still rubs his cheek,
And likes him more than ever.


PINNING your top,
Don't let it flop, boys;
Flying your kite,
Pull with your might, boys.
Rolling your hoop,
Never you stoop, boys;
Either stand still,
Or play with a will.



ONE step—two step,
Three step—four.
Who says my baby
Can't travel the floor?
Five step—six step—
Seven step—eight!
Now shall my baby
Rest him in state!



Up in the Morning

UP in the morning early—
Hi for my baby sweet!
Here's a gown for his body,
Here are shoes for his feet.
And here is his snowy tucker
Tied with ribbons fair,
And here is his little mammy
To curl his bonny hair.
Here is his little bath-tub,
And here is his little sponge,
Before the gown and the curling
My baby shall have a plunge.

Be Careful

NEVER in a fool's mouth
Thrust your careless finger;
If you do, there's danger
It may chance to linger.

Never to the foolish
Tell your dearest thought;
Or you'll find your confidence,
Like your finger, "caught."

Never with the silly
Banter, sport, or jest;
Even for your frolics
Wise friends are the best.

Two Little Froggies



WO little froggies they sighed to one another:
"Our puddle is all water and no meat.
Let us sit upon the bank, where the lovely mud is shining,
And maybe we'll see something good to eat."

Forty little ants said gayly to each other:
"Hurrah! Hurrah! We're going to the bogs;"
But the forty little ants never dreamed that they were going
Just to make a dainty dinner for the frogs.

PINS in the carpet, tacks in the floor,
Needles in the drugget, wind through the door,
Fire in the fender! Oh, it beats all!
There isn't a place where our baby can crawl.



ROTTERY, trottery, out of breath!
Nurse trots the baby 'most to death:
Sick or well, or cold or hot,
It's trottery, trottery, trottery-trot!

PUSSY'S CLASS

"NOW, children," said Puss, as she shook her head,
"It is time your morning lesson was said."
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,
And sat down before her, all in a row.

"Attention, class!" said the cat-mamma,
"And tell me quick where your noses are."
At this all the kittens sniffed the air
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.

"Now what do you say when you want a drink?"
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then the answer came clear and loud—
You ought to have heard how those kittens meow'd!

"Very well. 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,
When you want a fish or a bit of bone.
Now what do you say when children are good?"
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

"And what do you do when children are bad?
When they tease and pull?" Each kitty looked sad
"Pooh!" said their mother, "that isn't enough;
You must use your claws when children are rough!

"And where are your claws? No, no, my dear;"
(As she took up a paw) "See! they're hidden here."
Then all the kittens crowded about
To see their sharp little claws brought out.

They felt quite sure they never should need
To use such weapons—oh, no, indeed!
But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "*pshaw!*"
And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now 'Sptisss!' as hard as you can," she said—
But every kitten hung down its head—
"Sptisss! I say," cried the mother cat,
But they said, "O mammy, we can't do that!"

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma;
"What sweet little idiots kittens are!
Ah, well, I was once the same, I suppose"—
And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.

DUMPHY DICKY said, "*I* can't;"
Joe said, "By and by;"
Grumpy Jacky said, "*I* shan't;"
Tommy said, "I'll try."



SOME are starving, some are filling,
Some are lazy, and some are willing,
Some are frowzy, and others are curled—
It takes all kinds, sir, to make a world.



THERE'S a fragrance in the blossom,
But the fruit is better still;
And the river rushes farther
Than ever could the rill.





Johnny the Stout

"HO, for a frolic!"
Said Johnny the stout;
"There's coasting and sledding,—
I'm going out!"

Scarcely had Johnny
Plunged in the snow,
When there came a complaint
Up from his toe:—

"We're cold," said the toe,
"I and the rest;
There are ten of us freezing—
Standing abreast."

Then up spoke an ear:
"My! but it's labor—
Playing in winter. Eh,
Opposite neighbor?"

"Pooh!" said his nose,
Angry and red;
"Who wants to tingle?
Go home to bed!"

Eight little fingers,
Four to a thumb,
All cried together,
"Johnny, we're numb!"

But Johnny the stout
Wouldn't listen a minute;
Never a snow-bank
But Johnny was in it.

Tumbling and jumping,
Shouting with glee,
Wading the snow-drifts
Up to his knee.

Soon he forgot them,
Fingers and toes,—
Never once heeded
The ear and the nose.

Ah, what a frolic!
All in a glow,
Johnny grew warmer
Out in the snow.

Often his breathing
Came with a joke:
"Blaze away, Johnny!
I'll do the smoke."

"And I'll do the fire,"
Said Johnny the bold;
"Fun is the fuel,
For driving off cold."

Pussy & Doggie

IF Pussy were made of leather,
And Doggie were made of lead,
I'd tumble them both together,
And hammer them on the head.

But Pussy is warm and tender,
And Doggie is good and true;
So I'd rather far defend her,—
And Doggie, too.—Wouldn't you?

OLD Doctor Paff, he used to laugh
Whenever he saw the brindle calf.
But Doctor Paff thought best to bow
When at last he met the brindle cow.

WILLIE'S LODGER

TWO little boys named Willie
Live in the house with me.
One is as good a darling
As ever I wish to see;
His eyes are glad, his smile is sweet,
His voice is kind, his dress is neat,
And he is the boy for me.

This Willie says, "Good morning!"
Happy as any bird;
A merrier laugh, a lighter step,
No mortal ever heard.
"Thank you," he says, and "If you please?"
He will not pout, he will not tease—
Oh! he is the boy for me!

The other Willie, sad to say,
Is very, very bad;
I think he is as cross a child
As ever a mother had.
"Go 'way!" he shrieks. He squalls and cries,
The angry tears oft fill his eyes—
He is not the boy for me.

He lingers round my Willie,
And whispers evil things—
Oh! how we dread him! for we know
The sin and grief he brings!

Who keeps him, then? Why, Willie's self;
He keeps this wicked Willie-elf
  Who is not the boy for me.

If I were you, my Willie,
  I'd make him stay away,—
This boy who grieves your mother
  And spoils your brightest day,—
For he lives in you where he doesn't belong;
So oust him, Willie! Send him along!
"Clear out!" I'd say, "old Fume and Fret!
This heart of mine is not to let,—
  You're not the boy for me."



Billy Boy



OOR Billy boy was music mad,
Oh music mad was he;
And yet he was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be—
With a "hi-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-my, ho!" sang he—
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

"Nobody knows the joy I know,
Or sees the sights I see,
So play me high, or play me low,
My fiddle's enough for me.
It takes me here, it takes me there—
So play me low or high—
It finds me, binds me anywhere,
And lifts me to the sky."
With a "hi-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-my, ho!" sang he—
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

Little Miss Limberkin



LITTLE Miss Limberkin,
Dreadful to say,
Found a mouse in the cupboard
Sleeping away.
Little Miss Limberkin
Gave such a scream,
She frightened the little mouse
Out of its dream.



The Way to do it

I'LL tell you how I speak a piece:
First, I make my bow;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain as I know how.

Next, I throw my hands up *so!*
Then I lift my eyes—
That's to let my hearers know
Something doth surprise.

Next, I grin and show my teeth,
Nearly every one;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides:
That's the sign of fun.

Next I start and knit my brow,
Hold my head erect:
Something's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe:
That's the sign of fear.

THE WAY TO DO IT

Now I start, and with a leap
  Seize an airy dagger.
"WRETCH!" I cry. That's tragedy,
  Every soul to stagger.

Then I let my voice grow faint,
  Gasp and hold my breath;
Tumble down and plunge about:
  That's a villain's death.

Quickly then I come to life,
  (Pardon me the fraud)
With a bow my speech is done—
  Now you'll please applaud.

HALLOO, OLD SCUTTLE!

HALLOO, old scuttle! good old soul,
What's become of all your coal?
Why the tongs he came with a gobbledy-gun,
And took my coals out, one by one;
And the blaze ran in with a tricksy-spire
And set the pretty things a-fire;
And the blower came with a roaring-roar,
And made them burn up more and more;
And then the poker with koppitty-hop,
He poked their ashes and made 'em drop—
And that, O Koppitty-Rigamarole!
Is what's become of all my coal."



WHEN I was little,
Thought I was big;
Now I'm a giant,
Don't care a fig.

When I was nobody,
Felt quite a chap;
Now that I'm somebody
Don't care a rap.

I'D like to be a splendid man—
Yes, perfect—just like my Papa—
But then I'd soon be scolded well,
As "Daddy" is by dear Mamma.

NOT ONLY IN THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE

NOT only in the Christmas-tide
The holy baby lay.
But month by month his home he blessed,
And brightened every day.

Each season held its light divine,
Its glow of love and cheer;
For Christ, who lived for all the world,
Was part of all the year.

Christmas

OH, tell me, children who have seen
The Christmas-tree in bloom,
What is the very brightest thing
That sparkles in the room?

The candles? No. The tinsel? No.
The skates and shining toys?
Not so, indeed; nor yet the eyes
Of happy girls and boys.

It's Christmas day itself, my dears!
It's Christmas day alone—
The brightest gift, the gladdest gift
The world has ever known.

Side by Side

"What is the baby thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt."

WHAT are the old folks thinking about?
Very wonderful things, no doubt.
A thought like this filled the baby's head
(A wonderful baby, and very well read).

He gazed at grandpa, and grandma too;
And mirrored the pair in his eyes of blue,
As side by side they sat there, rocking—
He with his pipe, and she with her stocking.

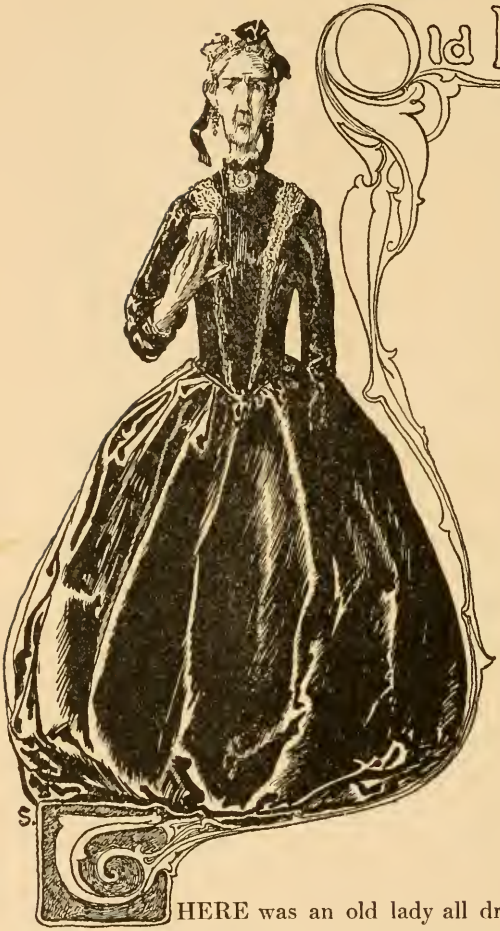
And the baby wondered, as well he might,
Why old folks always were happy and bright;
And he said in his heart, with a blithe little start
That showed how gladly he'd act his part:

"I'll find some baby, as soon as I can,
To stay with me till I'm grown an old man;
And, side by side, *we'll* sit there, rocking—
I with my pipe, and she with her stocking."



BIRDIES with broken wings,
Hide from each other;
But babies in trouble,
Can run home to mother.

The Three Old Ladies



THERE was an old lady all dressed in silk,
Who lived upon lemons and buttermilk;
And, thinking this world was a sour old place,
She carried its acid all over her face;



Another old lady, all dressed in patches,
Lived upon nothing but Lucifer matches;
So the world, it made her strangle and cough,
And sure as you rubbed her you set her off.



Another old lady, all sunny and neat,
Who lived upon sugar, and every thing sweet;
Exclaimed, when she heard of their troubles, "I never!
For the world is so nice I could live on forever."

Now, children, take your choice
  Of the food your hearts shall eat;
There are sourish thoughts, and brimstone thoughts,
  And thoughts all good and sweet;

And whatever the heart feeds on,
  Dear children, trust to me,
Is precisely what this queer old world
  Will seem to you to be.

THE MAYOR OF SCUTTLETON

THE Mayor of Scuttleton burned his nose
Trying to warm his copper toes;
He lost his money and spoiled his will
By signing his name with an icicle-quill;
He went bare-headed, and held his breath,
And frightened his wife almost to death;
He loaded a shovel, and tried to shoot,
And killed the calf in the leg of his boot;
He melted a snow-bird, and formed the habit
Of dancing jigs with a sad Welsh rabbit;
He lived on taffy, and taxed the town;
And read his newspaper upside down;
Then he sighed, and hung his hat on a feather,
And bade the townspeople come together;
But the worst of it all was, nobody knew
What the Mayor of Scuttleton next would do.



Nell's Notions

THREE-YEAR-OLD Nell by the window-pane
stood,
A good little girl, and as pretty as good,
Watching the snow come down—
Falling so lightly,
So swiftly and brightly,
It whitened all the town.

"See, Aunty!" she cried, in a joyous strain,
"Oh, Aunty, look out! and see the popped rain!
The air is as full as can be;
And it never stops,
But it jumps and hops,
Like the corn that you pop for me."

GOOD-NIGHT!

WHAT do I see in Baby's eyes
So bright?
I see the blue, I see a spark,
I see a twinkle, in the dark,
Of light.

What do I see in Baby's eyes
Shut tight?
The blue is gone, the light is hid—
I'll lay a soft kiss on each lid.
Good-night!


HAT makes baby brave and bright?
Angels guard him day and night.

TEN KINDS

WINNIE WHINE-Y, all things grieve her;
Fannie Fibber, who'd believe her?
Lotty Loozem, late to school, sir;
Albert Allplay, quite a fool, sir;
Kitty Kissem, loved by many,
Georgy Grump, not loved by any;
Ralphy Ruff,—beware his fist, sir;
Tillie Tattle, like a blister;
Gus Goodaction, bright and cheery;
Sammy Selfish, sour and dreary.
Do you know them, as I've sung them?
Easy 'tis to choose among them.

SHEPHERD JOHN

OH! Shepherd John is good and kind,
Oh! Shepherd John is brave;
He loves the weakest of his flock,
His arm is quick to save.

But Shepherd John to little John
Says: "Learn, my laddie, learn!
In grassy nooks still read your books,
And aye for knowledge burn.

"Read while you tend the grazing flock:
Had I but loved my book,
I'd not be still in shepherd's frock,
Nor bearing shepherd's crook.

"The world is wide, the world is fair,
There's muckle work to do.
I'll rest content a shepherd still,
But grander fields for you!"

Lazy Lou

LAZY LOU, Lazy Lou,
What's the matter, child, with you?
Can't you work? Can't you play?
Can't you tuck your hair away?
If I were you, my Lazy Lou,
I'd change my ways. That's what I'd do.



COMB AND BRUSH

"BUSY bee! busy bee!
Where is your home?"
"In truth, pretty maiden,
I live in a comb."



"And you, little Rabbit,
Where do you rush?"
"I rush to my home, dear,
Under the brush!"

FLOWERS

MY little one came, and brought me a flower,
Never a sweeter one grew;
But it drooped and faded in one short hour,
And lost all its pretty blue.

My little one stayed in the room and played;
And so my flower bloomed bright,—
My beautiful blossom that did not fade,
But slept in my arms all night.



Thinking Aloud

LITTLE Jenny with a pail
Tripping to the spring;
Little Jack astride a rail
Laughed to hear her sing.

Little Jenny softly said,
"I'm tired as I can be."
But Jack was sure that the little maid
Said, "Carry my pail for me."



Willy and his Pipe



ILLY lay by the dimpling brook,
Where the sun had lain before;
And, strange to say, when its place he took,
The spot just brightened the more.

The birds were singing in the blue,
A song that was like a hymn;
While the baby ducklings, two by two,
Strayed into the water to swim.

"Heigho!" sighed Willy, "I cannot fly,
Nor even so much as float;
And as for singing like robins, why,
I never could raise a note.

"But I can play on my pipe," said he;
And soon the music came—
So clear and sweet, so blithesome free,
That it put the birds to shame.

The baby ducklings softly splashed,
  The robins yet harder tried,
The sprinkled grass in sunlight flashed,
  As it nodded by Willy's side.

And, before he knew, he was floating free
  On a sparkling river of thought;
While the birds in the air came down to see
  What wonder the pipe had wrought.

And still the music softly rose,
  Still Willy was floating free;
And the little ducks with their funny toes,
  Were happy as happy could be.



The Knowing Raccoon

THERE once was a knowing raccoon
Who didn't believe in the moon.
"Every month—don't you see?—
There's a new one," said he.
"No *real* moon could wear out so soon!"



The Star Family

THE Moon went up to the twinkling sky,
To see what the stars were about:
"Fair Night," quoth she, "are the family in?"
"Oh! no, they are every one out."



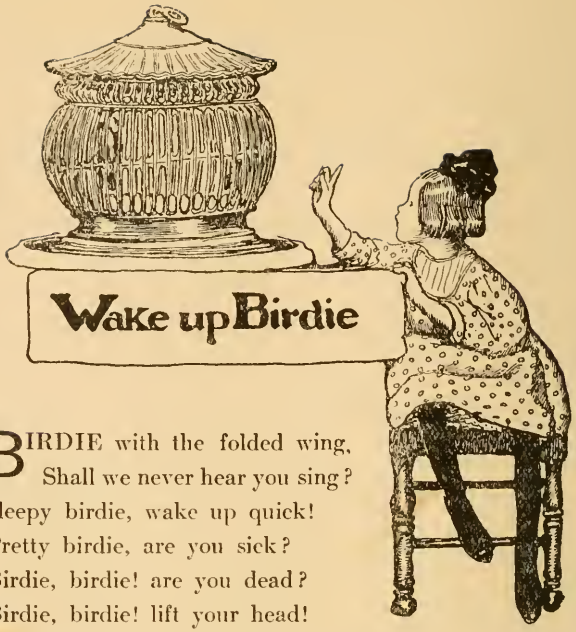
GOOD-MORNING, mamma! Good-morning,
bright sun!
Good-morning, papa! The day is begun.
Good-morning to every one, pussy as well:
Does he sleep like the rest, till he hears the first bell?

Good-morning it is, for the sky is all blue,
The grass is just shining and sparkling with dew;
The birds all are singing their merriest song,
And the air through the window comes sunny and
strong.



Good-morning it is, for dark was the night,
And chilly and still; but the morning is bright.
If God did not watch us and bring us the day,
We would never be able to get up and play.

Good-morning, new day! I'm glad we're awake,
Your work and your sunshine and frolic to take;
And I'm glad we are able so gayly to call:
Good-morning! good-morning! Good-morning to all!



BIRDIE with the folded wing,
Shall we never hear you sing?
Sleepy birdie, wake up quick!
Pretty birdie, are you sick?
Birdie, birdie! are you dead?
Birdie, birdie! lift your head!
Lift your head, and show your beak.
Naughty birdie! won't you speak?
Here is water for your cup;
Here is sugar—eat it up:
Here is sunshine warm and bright.—
Now he sings with all his might!

Oh No

IF blue-birds bloomed like flowers in a row,
And never could make a sound,
How would the daisies and violets know
When to come out of the ground!
They would wait and wait the seasons round;
Never a flower could on earth be found.

And what would birds and butterflies do
If the flowers had wings to fly?
Why, birds and blossoms, and butterflies too,
Would stay far up in the sky;
And then the people would droop and sigh,
And all the children on earth would cry.



THE DIFFERENCE

SOME children roam the fields and hills,
And others work in noisy mills;
Some dress in silks, and dance and play,
While others drudge their lives away;
Some glow with health and bound with song,
And some must suffer all day long.

Which is your lot, my girl and boy?
Is it a life of ease and joy?
Ah, if it is, its glowing sun
The poorer life should shine upon.—
Make glad one little heart to-day,
And help one burdened child to play.



CONFUSION

TINKER, come bring your solder,
And mend this watch for me.
Haymaker, get some fodder,
And give my cat his tea.
Cobbler, my horse is limping,
He'll have to be shod anew;
While the smith brings forge and hammer
To make my daughter a shoe.
Bestir yourselves, my lazies!
I give you all fair warning:
You must do your work 'twixt twelve at night,
And an hour before one in the morning.

The Frog who wouldn't A-Wooing go



YE gentlemen far, and gentlemen near,
And ladies fair, and children dear,
Come, list to the mournful tale—heigho!—
Of the frog who wouldn't a-wooing go:

I.

Once on a time, when nations were few,
And whether the world stood still or flew,
Nobody cared and nobody knew,
A respectable pair,
By name of Gluck,
Lived in a pool
On the Isle of Muck.
Oh! very blest were this pair of frogs,
Their lot was cast in the softest of bogs.
Mrs. Gluck had an exquisite voice,
Their sky was serenest,
Their puddle the greenest
That ever bade heart of a froggy rejoice.

II.

But of all the blessings that came to this pair,
Most precious of all was a son and heir,

With the widest of mouths and the loveliest stare—
Their brisk little pollywog,
Hearty and hale;
Their own little frisky one,
All head and tail!
Ah! never were parents so happy as these,
Though their child, to be sure, wouldn't sit on their knees.
And this, let me say, was a very bad sign
Though they didn't perceive it
And couldn't conceive it,
For it proved that he didn't to duty incline.

III.

Well, the days flew along, and their child grew apace,
Till at last a fine form came to balance his face;
And his legs grew so fast they seemed running a race.
Completed at last,
With his garment of green,
Just the handsomest froggy
That ever was seen,
He said to his mother: "Now, madam, I'm blown
If—ahem! I *should* say, I'm not perfectly grown;
So in future I wish my own master to be,
Though I thank you most kindly
For loving me blindly."
(Such airs in a youngster were dreadful to see!)

IV.

"O son," quoth his mother, "you fill me with pain!"
And she sobbed and she sighed with her whole might and
main,
And turned to her husband in desperate strain.
"Pooh, pooh!" said old Gluck,
"The youngster is right,
So let him alone, ma'am,
Or you and I'll fight.
And, hark ye, my son, I have noticed of late
Yon puddle attracts you. 'Tis well. Find your mate.
The Gungs, as a family, seem to adore you.
Select your own waters,
Take one of the daughters,
And leap into life like your father before you."

V.

Alas for young puddle-dum! Proudly he scouted
The sire's good advice. He sulked and he pouted,
And the Gung girls, in turn, every one of them, flouted.
"What, choose me a wife!
Does he think I'm a fool?
No, my motto for life
Is: *One* frog to a pool.
Shall I yield up my freedom—be tied to a bog?
Not I, by my jumps!" quoth this prig of a frog.
"Miss Gung, sir, for all *I'll* prevent, *gug-a-loo!*
May sing till they carry me,
'No one will marry me,
Nobody, nobody's coming to woo!'"



The Pig and the Lark



PIG scrambled up from his slumbers,
And grunted with rage at the lark:
"Why must you begin your loud carol
Before we are out of the dark?"

"Good sir," said the lark, as he flitted
Right gayly from blossom to bud,
"Look up to the sky for your morning—
It never begins in the mud!"



I GAVE my puss a mac-a-roon,
And bade her eat with a silver spoon;
I brought a glass of sparkling wine,
And bade the pretty creature dine.

But see what came of it, a-lack!
That naughty pussy turned her back;
Now was it not a dreadful sight
To see a puss so impolite?

A COMMON MISTAKE

THE wisest thing
For any man,
Is to get from others
All he can.
The meanest thing
A man can do,
Is to get his gains
From me or you.



LOOK UP

WHETHER fair, whether foul,
Be it wet or dry,
Cloudy time or shiny time
The sun's in the sky.
Gloomy-night, sparkle-night,
Be it glad or dread,
Cloudy time or shiny time,
Stars are overhead.

Poor Little Mousie

POOR little mousie, what a mishap!
Why did you put your nose in the trap?
Hold still, mousie, and trust to me—
I'll touch the spring, and set you free!

Cousin Jeremy

HE came behind me, and covered my eyes,
"Who is this?" growled he, so sly,
"Why, Cousin Jeremy, how can I tell,
When my eyes are shut?" said I.



What shall we Take

WHAT shall we take to Boston?
Tell me, my baby, pray,
We must take our eyes to see with,
And take our ears to hear with,
And take our feet to run with,
And take our arms to hug with,
And a "how-d'ye-do?"
"How *do* you do?"
And "how are you all to-day?"

OH, where are all the good little girls,—
Where are they all to-day?
And where are all the good little boys?
Tell me, somebody, pray.

Safe in their fathers' and mothers' hearts
The girls are stowed away;
And where the girls are, look for the boys,—
Or so I've heard folk say,

EXTRAVAGANCE

"HAVE you apples, good grocer?"
"O yes, ma'am, how many?"
"How do you sell them, Sir?"
"Two for a penny."

"I'll have two, Mr. Grocer,
They're good for my baby;
Send 'em home in an hour, Sir."
"That I will, lady."

Harry

HURRAH for the bouncer, exactly fourteen;
The blithest old schoolboy that ever was seen,
Hurrah for the Harry who went by, this way,
One Valentine's eve, *thirteen* and a day!

There was Harry, aged *twelve*, I remember him well,
A hawk from a hernshaw he always could tell;
And Harry, *eleven*—ah! how he could fiddle
And scrape with his bow from the end to the middle.

Then the bold boy of *ten* that my Harry appeared,
A few years ago, when the war-mists were cleared;
A chubby young fellow he flourished at *nine*,
A right chubby fellow, this Harry of mine.

At *eight* he was slender; at *seven*, quite fat;
At *six* he was saucy—depend upon that!
At *five* he put on his first trousers and jacket;
At *four* who could match him in making a racket?

At *three* the young rascal was always in trouble;
At *two* he was teething (his front teeth, and double);
At *one* he was precious and something to carry,
And the year before that there was never a Harry!

N

W THERE was an old weather-vane high on a shed E
The wind came a courting and turned his head;
And all it could say with its twisted mouth
Was—East, and West, and North, and South.

S

TWISTAN TURNEM, let me see,
Which is the way to Tweedle-dee?
Why, turn about the way you've come,
And take the road to Tweedle-dum.

What They Say

WHAT does the drum say? "Rub-a-dub-dub!
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub! Pound away, bub!
Make as much racket as ever you can.
Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! Go it, my man!"

What does the trumpet say? "Toot-a-toot-too!
Toot-a-toot, toot-a-toot! Hurrah for you!
Blow in this end, sir, and hold me out, so.
Toot-a-toot! toot-a-toot! Why don't you blow?"

What does the whip say? "Snaperty-snap!
Call *that* a crack, sir—flipperty flap!
Up with the handle, and down with the lash.
Snaperty! snaperty! Done in a flash."

What does the gun say? "Put in my stick,
I am a real pop-gun. Fire me quick!
See that you fire in nobody's eye.
Steady! my manikin. Now let it fly!"

What does the sword say? "Swishy-an-swish!
Flash in the sunlight, and give me a wish.
Wish I was real, sir—cut 'em in bits!
Wouldn't I scare all the world into fits!"

What do they *all* say, trumpet and gun,
Whip, sword, and drum-stick? "Hurrah for fun!
Babies no longer, but stout little men,
Racket forever! and racket again!"

JINGLES

THERE was a rare boy who fell ill,
And begged them to give him a pill;
"For my kind parents' sake,
The dose I will take,"
Said this rare little boy who fell ill.



THERE was an old doctor of Brille,
Who gave all his patients a pill.
"It will cure 'em," he said,
Or else kill 'em dead"—
This skilful old doctor of Brille.





I HAD a little Scotchman,
Who reached to my chin;
He was swift as an arrow,
And neat as a pin.
He ran on my errands,
And sang me a song;
Oh, he was as happy
As summer is long!
Yes, really inspired
Unless he felt tired.

THE ROCKING-HORSE

"WHERE have you been, my children;
Where have you been, I pray?"
"Oh, but we've been a-riding,
A-riding the live-long day."

"And how did you ride, my darlings;
And where did all of you go?"
"We all of us went on horseback,
A-galloping in a row.

"Jack had the whole of the saddle;
I held on to the tail;
And Leslie, under the fore-feet,
Managed to ride the rail;

"Jackey galloped and cantered,—
Played he galloped, I mean;
For Les. and I did the rocking,
And Jack just rode between.

"Oh, didn't our animal caper
As he hitched himself along!
We might have kept on forever,
If they'd only made him strong.

"But when I pitched on the carpet,
His tail so tight in my hand,
And Les. from the rail fell kicking,
Why, horsey came to a stand.

"If Les. had only kept quiet,
We might have played we were dead;
I don't see the sense in yelling
Because you've bumped your head.

"Jackey held on like a good one,
And looked as fine as a fiddle,—
But it's nothing to ride a-horseback
If a fellow is on in the middle."

UP IN A BALLOON

WE four went up in a big balloon—
Father, Uncle, Fred, and I;
The band struck up a beautiful tune,
And all the populace waved "good-bye."

At first it wavered, and jerked and swayed,
And father asked: "Do you feel afraid?"
But I laughed: "Oh, no!
It is grand to go;"
And so he called me his brave little maid.

Up we went. Oh, ever so high!
Up, till we must have touched the sky;
Town, river, and bay,
All faded away,—
And then poor Freddy began to cry:
"I want to get out," he screamed, "oh, my!"

Up, up, we went, and on we sailed;
While still poor Freddy wept and wailed.
He jumped about,
And tried to get out;
And so we soon went down, down, down,
And tied the balloon to a tree in town.



At the Window

IN and out, in and out,
Through the clouds heaped about,
Wanders the bright moon.

What she seeks, I do not know;
Where it is, I cannot show.

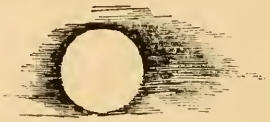
I am but a little child,
And the night is strange and wild.

AT THE WINDOW

In and out, in and out,
  Wanders the bright moon;
In and out, in and out,
  She will find it soon.

There she comes! as clear as day,—
Now the clouds are going away.
She is smiling, I can see,
And she's looking straight at me.

Pretty moon, so bright and round,
Won't you tell me what you found?



THE COOK'S LITTLE BOY

A REAL apple-pudding for Mammy and me!
A-boiling as hard as I ever did see!
O Mammy! I'm going to jump up and look,
And tell the old pudding to hurry and cook.

Is it looking in, Mammy, that hinders the boil?
Well, I'd feel very bad for my pudding to spoil;
So I'll cover it up, like a good little son,
And play on the floor till you tell me it's done.

The chil'ren up-stairs—they're all dressed up so fine,
But their pudding's no better than Mammy's and mine.
Oh! isn't it nice when your Mammy's the cook,
And whenever you like you can climb up and look!

BENNY'S BUTTONS



OW many buttons has Benny,
Counting 'em six for a penny?
Why, five on his sack,
And two on the back,
And—would you believe?—
A pair on each sleeve;
And six on his trousers,
Yes, regular rousers!
And eight on his vest—
A grand "double-breast"—
All eight in full sight
When buttoned up tight.
Then three on one shoe,
While the mate has but two;
And one at the end
Of his top-string, depend.
And, ah! there's the strap
On his regiment cap,
It begins with a button
And ends with a button;
And really that's all
I now can recall.
So, counting them six for a penny,
How many buttons has Benny?



OHO! have you seen the Frost-King,
A-marching up the hill?
His hoary face is stern and pale,
His touch is icy chill.
He sends the song birds to the South,
He bids the brooks be still;
Yet not in wrath or cruelty
He marches up the hill.

Often he rests at noontime,
To see the sunbeams play,
And flash his spears of icicles,
Or bid them melt away.
He'll toss the snow-flakes in the air,
Nor let them go nor stay;
Then hold his breath that they may fall,
And coasting boys may play.

He'll touch the brooks and rivers wide,
That skating crowds may shout;
He'll make the people far and near
Remember he's about.
He'll send his nimble, frosty Jack—
Without a shade of doubt—
To do all kinds of merry pranks,
And call the children out;

He'll sit upon the whitened fields,
And reach his icy hand
O'er houses where the sudden cold
Folks cannot understand.
The very moon, that ventures forth
From clouds so soft and grand,
Will stare to see the stiffened look
That settles o'er the land.

And so the Frost-King o'er the hills,
And o'er the startled plain,
Will come and go from year to year
Till Earth grows young again—
Till Time himself shall cease to be,
Till gone are hill and plain:
Whenever Winter comes to stay,
The hoary King shall reign.



"  ARLY to bed and early to rise:"
If *that* would make me wealthy and wise
I'd rise at daybreak, cold or hot,
And go back to bed at once. Why not?

TOM of Clapham used to say,
He loved his mother dearly;
Yet he vexed her sorely every day—
Does that strike you queerly?

THE WOODEN HORSE

A REAL horse is good,
But a horse made of wood
Is a much better horse for my lad;
For he needn't be tied,
And he's steady beside,
And never is lazy or bad.

When pulled, he will go;
And he stops when you "whoa!"
For he always is willing to please;
And though you may stay
By the water all day,
Not once for a drink will he tease.

Not a handful of feed,
All his life, does he need;
And he never wants brushing or combing:
And after a race
All over the place,
He never stands panting and foaming.

He doesn't heed flies,
Though they light on his eyes;
Mosquitoes and gnats he'll not mind:
And he never will shy,
Though a train whizzes by,
But always is gentle and kind.

A real horse, some day,
Will be running away;
A donkey is *so* apt to kick;
A goat will upset you,
A doggie will fret you—
Your wooden horse hasn't a trick!

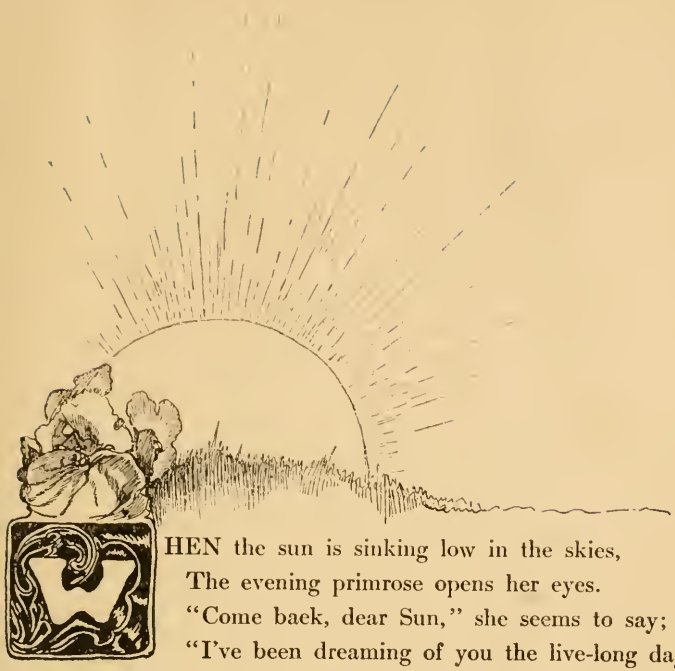
No chance of a crash,
Or a runaway smash,
Though never so playful and glad.
Oh! 'tis best when you drive
To be brought home alive—
So a fine wooden horse for my lad!

COMB MUSIC

TWO children once sat in the twilight gray
Playing a tune in a comical way;
They each pressed a comb to their rosy red lips,
And little they cared for tickles and slips,
For wheezings, and paper that always would fall,
For oh! such loud music, or no note at all.
'Twas sweet to their ears, as fondly they heard
This musical strain coming forth, word for word:
"*W-h-h-wome, w-h-h-wome, szzzeeet, zhhweet zome,*
Bheet wev zo hhumble, therzzz nho blazzze liek zhhome!"

Now they are grown, and sing in the choir
Of their own village church with the beautiful spire;
So sweet are her notes, so perfect her skill,
Not a bird of the air but might envy her trill,
Not a wind of the night but right gladly would know
How to make his rich music so plaintive and low.

Together their voices in harmony blend,
And steep all their days in a joy without end;
And yet in their hearts they have always confessed
That lovely duet long ago was the best,
When they tingled their lips at the musical comb,
And tried hard to play there was "zno blaizzz liek
zhome."



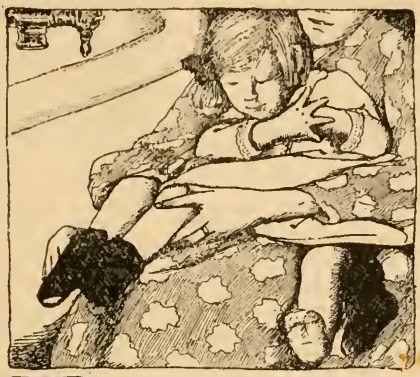
WHEN the sun is sinking low in the skies,
The evening primrose opens her eyes.
"Come back, dear Sun," she seems to say;
"I've been dreaming of you the live-long day."





FOUR LITTLE BIRDS

FOUR little birds all flew from their nests,—
Flew north, flew south, flew east and west;
They thought they would like a wider view,
So they spread their wings and away they flew.



BABY NELL had ten little toes,
Baby Nell had two little hose,
She always stared when the hose went on,
And thought the ten little toes were gone.



THE fairest and the merriest,
The kindest girl I know,
The brightest and the cheeriest,
Is little Minnie Stowe.

Little Minnie Stowe it is—
Little Minnie Stowe;
I'll marry her when I am big—
The sweetest girl I know!

How the New Year came

THE sun was sinking out of sight.
"Bessie," said Herbert, "have you heard?
It's really true, upon my word.
This year is going away to-night.
Its time is up, they say, and so
At midnight it will have to go.
And, right away, another year
Will come along, a real new year,
As soft as any mouse—
So soft, we'll hardly hear it creep—
Yes, come right to this very house,
While every one's asleep!"

Now, Bessie's eyes grew wide, to hear.
"Let's keep awake," she cried, "and so
We'll see one come and see one go—
Two years at once! Won't that be queer?
Let's tell the New Year it is bad;
We want the one we've always had,
With birds and flowers and things that grow,
And funny ice and pretty snow.
It had my birthday, too, in May,
And yours—when was it? and you know
How it had Fourth o' July one day,
And Christmas. Oh! it *mustn't* go!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Herbert, "what a Bess!
This year was new when first it came.
The next one will be just the same
As this that's going now, I guess.
That's nothing. But what bothers me
Is how the change is going to be.
I can't see how one year can go
And one can come at midnight, so
All in a minute—*that's* the bother!
I've heard them say 'the rolling year':
You'd think they'd roll on one another,
Unless they knew just how to steer."

The speck of time 'twixt day and day
Was close at hand. Herbert and Bess
Had won their parents' smiling "yes"
To watch the old year go away.
Nurse on the lounge found easy rest,
Till Bess should come to be undressed;
All but the children were asleep,
And years might roll, or years might creep,
For all they cared; while Bess and Bert,
Who never stirred and scarcely spoke,
Watched the great clock, awake, alert,
All breathless for the coming stroke.

Soon Bessie whispered, "Moll don't care."
Moll was her doll. And Herbert said,
"The clock's so far up overhead
It makes me wink to watch it there,—

The great tall thing! Let's look inside!"
And so its door they opened wide:
TICK-A-TICK! How loud it sounded!
Bessie's heart with wonder bounded.
How the great round thing that hung
Down the middle, swung and swung!
Tick, a-tick, a-tick, a-tick—
Dear, how loud it was, and quick!
Tick-a, tick-a, tick-a, tick-a!
Surely it was growing quicker!
While the swinging thing kept on,
Back and forth, and never done.

There! It's coming! Loud and clear,
Each ringing stroke the night alarms!
Bess, screaming, hid in Herbert's arms.
"The year!" he cried, "the year! the year!"
"Where?" faltered Bessie, "which? where'bouts?"
But still "The year!" glad Herbert shouts;
And still the steady strokes rang on
Until the banished year was gone.
"We've seen the Old Year out—hurrah!"

"Oh! oh!" sobbed Bessie, "call mamma.
I don't like years to racket so;
It frightens me to hear 'em go!"
But Herbert kissed away her tears,
And, gently soothing all her fears,
He heard the New Year coming quick,
Tick, a-tick, a-tick, a-tick!

CHRISTMAS BELLS

ONE Christmas Eve a little maid
Into a fire-lit parlor strayed;
And there on a chair lay the pretty song
Her sister had sung her,—Dingle-dong!
That rang like Christmas bells.
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong!
So sweet and clear, so warm and strong
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong!
Merry Christmas bells.

"I'll play it!" said the little maid;
"The blaze is bright, I'm not afraid!
I'll play it on the chair, and sing."
So down she knelt, and dingle, ting,
The ready Christmas bells,
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong!
Sounded forth so sweet and long,—
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong!
Happy Christmas bells.

"It's darker!" thought the little maid;
"But never mind, I'm not afraid!
For Jesus once, in Galilee,
Was just a little child like me.
He loves the Christmas bells."
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong!
O baby voice! so sweet and strong!
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong!
Holy Christmas bells!



Master Tremble

AS soon as I take my degree
As a classical scholar perfected,
No sharp politician I'll be,
Asking favors of all the elected.
No learned profession my plan,
Nor trade, till my courage is blunter;
For surely, deny it who can?
The greatest of men is the hunter!

There's Cummings the bold lion-tamer,
And fearless, undaunted Gérard,
And Baldwin, by tigers made lamer,
And Speke with his cámelopard.

And one of these days 'twill be Tremble,—
  Most famous of all, I'll be bound,—
The great lion-crusher, young Tremble,
  None equal to him the world round.

Already I've tested my mettle:
  No cat but will flee at my tread;
And let a mosquito but settle
  And nip me—that instant he's dead!
Know also that only this morning
  A terrible peril I met,
While taking a ramble—no warning—
  (That hour shall I ever forget?)

I was longing at heart for a rifle,
  And a chance for some wonderful shot
(A lion seemed then a mere trifle
  I would rather encounter than not),
When, *presto!* a horrible creature
  Came buzzing and diving at me,
Aiming straight at my favorite feature—
  A horrible, black bumble-bee!

A horrible, black humble bumble,
  Bound straight for my beautiful nose;
For an instant (I'll own) I did tumble,
  But quickly in majesty rose.
Each childish emotion I swallowed,
  Moving onward as fast as I could;
The great buzzing monster, he followed
  Till we came to a shadowy wood.

Ha! what was that sharp thrill of anguish,
  And what the great swelling that came?
And why was I rushing and shouting—
  The whole of my face in a flame?
I knew that the buzzing was louder,
  That my nose was as big as my head;
I wanted to grind him to powder;
  I wished him a thousand times dead!

Blind battle! my ev'ry-day jacket
  Was tighter than steel coat of mail,
And the monster kept up such a racket,
  I scarce knew his head from his tail.
He, plunging and wheeling and darting
  And pitching and screeching at me;
I, maddened with burning and smarting—
  What wonder I dodged by a tree!

What wonder that soon, in his frenzy,
  My murderous foe bumped his head!
The tree never tumbled nor tottered,
  But *he* fell "co-chunk" in its stead.
Then I turned, in a terrible passion,
  And stamped with my full might and main:
I stamped in the sledge-hammer fashion,—
  My bee never bumbled again!

Then why should I *not* be a hunter,
  So gallant and fearless and spry?
What other vocation would answer
  For such a brave fellow as I?

Ah! woe to the beasts of the forest!
  And woe to all monsters with wings!
As soon as my studies are over,
  I mean to do terrible things.



NOBODY near him, all in the dark,
Hear how fiercely our dog can bark!
Somebody coming, by light of day,
See how doggie will scamper away!

He frightened the moon one Summer night,—
And thought, at first, he had quenched her light.
But 'twas only a cloud that had passed her by,
So she dared him again that trick to try,—
And he fled in haste, as he barked "Good-bye!"

The End



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